TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

VOL LI. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1883. NO. 34

Poetry.

THE OLD READING CLASS.

BY WILL CARLETON.

I can not tell you, Genevieve, how oft it comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District Number Three.
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight in line,
And charged at standard literature with amiable design.
We did not spare the energy in which our words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the Winter's thick fall dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering in their class;
Beyond, the white-roofed cottages were nestling cold and dumb,
And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come.
The wondrous world, of which we conned what what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires and fanes—
And sat acutely mispronounced the most important names.
We waded through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day."
In Rhetoric and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sire distrest,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard on a right?
And Jemima Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the playing ball to crack?
And Andrews Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we can not find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Rayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer).
And Lanty Wood, whose voice was just endeavoring hard to emerge,
And leaped from bourse to bourse to fiercely shrill with most outrageous range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee,
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound above mostly distinct through Memory's telephone,
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But every sweet voice comes back to me, whenever said I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.

Harper's Magazine for September.

DUN LAID BY DE CO'N.

De ole gray goose is er walkin' down de lane—
We's dun laid by de co'n;
An' she moves in de sweet an' squats in de ruin—
We's dun laid by de co'n;
De ole sow roots way de taters was dug -
We's dun laid by de co'n;
An' de ole hawk sker hen ram a-chasin' ob de bug—
We's dun laid by de co'n.

De ole cow bawls
As her calf she calls,
An' de 'possum dog wags his tail;
I goes wid my pipe
Whar de apples is ripe,
An' chucks 'em inter de pail.

De ole yaller hoss' am troubled wid fleas—
We's dun laid by de co'n;
An' it's too late now for rubbin' ob de bees—
We's dun laid by de co'n;
De ole bell sheep ain't afeerd ob de curs—
We's dun laid by de co'n;
Fur her ole gray back 's all kivered wid burs—
We's dun laid by de co'n.

De lark he cries
As he rises an' flies,
An' de white boy shoots wid his gun;
But de birds keep on
O'er de tops ob de co'n,
Case de boy he ne'er touch one.

—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Travel.

NASBY IN EXILE.

SECOND SERIES.

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Mostly About the Religious Condition of Rome at Present.

XLIX.

The Church is no longer a power in Rome—that is, to anything like the extent it was. A dozen years ago the Pope and the Church of which he was the head was supreme in Rome. It had its own army, its own navy, it controlled education, it controlled the hospitals, it controlled the press, it was supreme, and ruled with a power more absolute than that of the Czar. Its power was unquestioned and unchallenged.

Being a purely religious City, there was no development except in a religious way. The City was covered with churches, monasteries and colleges for the training of priests. No interest was considered except that one, consequently no development was desired or wanted except in one direction. It was the interest of the Church to keep Rome as a distinctly ecclesiastical City, to have nothing in the City or Papal States except that which bore its stamp and seal, and per consequence, Rome was the least progressive, the dirtiest, the most unhealthy, and altogether the shabbiest City, except in the matter of churches, on the globe.

HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

Twelve years ago the Italian States under the lead of Cavour, Garibaldi and Mazzini determined upon unification, and determined to make Italy a nation once more, and unite the whole people under one government, and Victor Emanuel, of the House of Savoy, was selected as the King of Italy. To accomplish this purpose it was necessary that Rome, the ancient capital, should be the capital of the new Italy, and to this end it was necessary that the civil power of the Papacy should be wiped out, the church deprived of its authority in temporal matters and reduced to the level of other organizations, or rather be permitted to continue as a purely spiritual organization, but with no voice in the temporal government other than its influence, legitimately used, should go.

To the surprise of the Church the people of Rome accepted this new order of things very gladly. The citizens threw off the Pope and followed Victor Emanuel and Garibaldi, and even went farther than these leaders in the crusade. They proved themselves to be more radical than those who commenced the movement, showing that there had long been a discontent with the church which needed only a head, with a power behind it, to make itself felt.

The Government made short and very complete work of the Papal power. They

TOOK THE SCHOOLS OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE CHURCH

and made them entirely free from Papal influence. They made the press as free as it is in America or England. They took the hospitals from the church, and proceeded immediately to close up something over two-thirds of the monasteries and religious establisments, using the property for schools for the children and barracks for the soldiery.

Taking the schools and hospitals from the Church was the severest blow it received and the one it felt most. The children of Rome were formerly under the control of the priesthood, and education, what there was of it, was purely religious and, except for the priesthood, very costly. Under the present Government schools are free to all, the teachers are professionals, the same as in other countries, and religion is no more taught in the public schools than it is in England or America.

In the country districts the Government has also established schools on the free basis, the same as in the cities. The young men drafted into the army are taught the elementary branches by compulsion, making the army a school for the people as well as a military establishment.

The military establishment is managed very shrewdly by the Government, and this management is another blow at the church. In the old times whosoever entered the Church was exempt from military duty. If a young man or boy entered the colleges, or in anyway announced his intention of entering the life of a cleric, he was exempt from conscription forever. Therefore it became a very common thing for Italian families all over the country to place their children in the Church, making it a place of refuge for young men who desired a lazy, comfortable life, and an exemption from the disagreeable duties of civizenship.

All this Victor Emanuel, Cavour and Gribaldi changed. They made every man of the proper age liable to military duty whether he was in orders or not. He could be a priest if he wanted to, but only after he had given his country the service required of everyone. Very few ever went into the priesthood after three years in the army. They generally came home with other views.

In addition to compulsory education in the army, the Government does many other things to make the soldier an intelligent man, and good for something when he lays off his uniform and goes back into civil life. It encourages his mixing with citizens, the new recruit is always sent away from the country of his nativity and kept changing and shifting all the time. The soldier of Tuscany or Venice, in the North, is sent to Naples, in the South, and the Naples man goes North to Tuscany or Piedmont, the idea being to educate him as much as possible by seeing what of the world is practicable, and making him somewhat acquainted with his own country at least.

Being compelled to learn the elementary branches and having traveled all over Italy, during his term of service, the soldier goes home a tolerably intelligent man, and is of use in educating the people of his native village, where he eventually settles down. He leaves the service a much broader and better informed man than as though if he had passed his life in the little village or great city in which he first saw the light. As the Government realizes the fact that good citizenship can only come through intelligence, even the army is made a school. It is a pity that such good intentions has not better material to work up.

THE PRESS.

Formerly the press was under a censorship that was absolute, and consequently Rome was a very unpromising field for journalism. Rome has now a dozen or more daily papers, where in the last decade it had but one, and that one entirely devoted to church matters. The people read the papers now in Rome, and that settles a great many things.

It is said of a very shrewd cardinal that just after the making of Rome the capital, by Victor Emanuel, he remarked one morning to the pope:

"We may as well make up our minds to leave Rome?"

"Why?"

"The barbers are taking daily papers for their customers to read, while waiting to be shaved—*and their customers read them!*"

The last sentence was the significant one.

The daily and weekly papers of Rome discuss everything, civil, religious and business, just as freely as papers do in America, and more freely than is permitted in France. Every party and every sect has its organ and there is no censorship.

The style of reading sold everywhere is absolutely startling. Books, that 15 years ago would have consigned the author, publisher and purchaser to a dungeon, are sold now upon every book-stand, and displayed openly upon the counters of every book store.

GARIBALDI'S BOOK.

In 1870, Garibaldi, whose memory is execrated by the Clerical party as dearly as it is revered by the people at large, wrote a pamphlet entitled the "Rule of the Monk,"—an attack upon the Church in the form of a novel. As a novel, it has no especial merit, but as a bold attack upon the church it has value to those who do not like the church. It is sold everywhere in Rome, in all languages.

The following extracts show what he dared to write under the shadow of St. Peter's, and what may be seen in that church in the overcoat pockets of visitors:

"Know you what the lust of priests is to torture? Do you know that by the priests Galileo was tortured?—Galileo, the greatest of Italians? Who but priests could have committed him to the torture? Who but a Popish prelate could have condemned to death by starvation in a walled-up prison Ugolino and his four sons?"

"Where but in Rome have priests hated virtue and learning while they fostered ignorance and patronized vice? Woe to the man who, gifted by God above his fellows, has dared to exhibit his talent in Papal Italy! Has he not been immediately consigned to moral and physical tortures, until he admitted darkness was light?"

"Is it not surprising that, in spite of the light of the nineteenth century, a people should be found willing to believe the blasphemous fables called the doctrines of the church, and the priests permitted to hold or withhold salvation at their pleasure, and to exercise such power that rulers court their alliance as a means of enabling them the more effectually to keep in subjection their miserable subjects?"

"But priestly interference in this holy communion of hearts blights and blasphemes the name of love, sowing the seeds of hatred; while this plague is felt more or less all over the globe, by reason of the number of unhappy marriages brought about or directed by these busy tonsured meddlers. What, then, must this baneful influence be in Rome, where the priests are so numerous as to reign almost supreme in society?"

"We have before stated that in the City of Rome the largest number of illegitimate births takes place, which arises naturally (or rather unnaturally) from the infamous influence of priests, who traffic in matches, and control the market of men and women for their own profit."

"What matters a crime to a priest if he can cover it? He had committed a gross lie by calling himself the minister of God, and now took advantage of the easy ignorance of his neighbors to conceal a still grosser crime."

"It is in vain that my enemies try to make me out an atheist. I believe in God. I am of the religion of Christ, not of the religion of the Popes. I do not admit any intermediary between God and man. Priests have merely thrust themselves in, in order to make a trade of religion. They are the enemies of true religion, liberty and progress; they are the original cause of our slavery and degradation, and in order to subjugate the souls of Italians, they have called in foreigners to enchain their bodies. The foreigners we have expelled, now we must expel those mitred and tonsured traitors who summoned them. The people must be taught that it is not enough to have a free country, but that they must learn to exercise the rights and perform the duties of free men. Duty! duty! that is the word. Our people must learn their duties to their families, their duties to their country, their duties to humanity."

"And here, we may repeat, none but a priesthood could have so degraded a people, and placed them on a level with the basest upon earth—a people, too, born in a region where men have attained to a greater perfection of manhood than in any other part of the known world."

"Brigandage is inseparable from priestly government, which is easy to understand, when we remember that it is supported by the aid of cowardly and brutal mercenaries. These men, becoming robbers, murderers, and criminal offenders, flee to such places as this historical desert, where they find undisturbed refuge and shelter."

"Statistics prove that in Rome murders are of more frequent occurrence in proportion to the population than in any other city. And how, indeed, can it be otherwise, when we consider the corrupt education instilled by the priests?"

"Not only do we aim at freeing our beloved Italy, but at freeing the entire world also from the incubus of the Papacy, which everywhere opposes education, protects ignorance, and is the nurse of vice!"

"The mendicants, wrapped in their rags, sought shelter from the wind in the stately old doorways; others in porches of churches. Indoors, the priests were sitting, refreshing themselves at sumptuous tables loaded with viands and exquisite wines. Beggars without and priests within—for of these two classes the population is chiefly composed. But those conspirators watch for and anticipate the day when priests and beggars shall be consigned alike to the past."

"Matrimony being thus interdicted, contrary to the law of God and man, the enormous wealth, the irresponsible power, and the state of languid luxury in which, as Princes of the Church, they are compelled to live, have ever combined, in the case of these cardinals, to prevent every temptation to corruption and libertinism of the very worst kinds."*

RESPECT FOR PRIESTS.

The most significant evidence of the decay of the power of the church over the people of Italy is the reverence which is held the memory of Garibaldi, whose mildest utterances are these. His death, only a short time since, was the occasion of universal mourning and was looked upon as a national calamity. His portrait is found everywhere in public places. There is scarcely a shop, no matter how poor, there is not a restaurant in which his portrait does not occupy a prominent position, even more prominent than that of the King, as popular as he is, and in the humblest shop there is a cheap lithograph of the brave old man in a conspicuous position on the wall. Monuments to him have been erected everywhere, always clad in the loose red shirt which was his uniform, and his bust is the most frequently reproduced in the galleries, of any of the great Italians.

Now, Garibaldi was the most inveterate hater of the priests and priestly establishments that Italy ever produced. His whole life was a warfare against the established church. "The Rule of the Monk" is the most ferocious assault upon the Church that a vigorous mind saturated with hatred of its subject could put upon paper. The extracts quoted are the mildest in it. He charged upon the Roman priesthood every crime in the calendar, he ridiculed them fore and aft, he denounced them as leeches, as profligates, as incubii, as everything that is vile in humanity, and demanded their suppression and expulsion. There never was a more terrible arraignment of an order, there never was a more fearless denunciation, there could be no more direct accusations, and yet that book was published in Rome and is sold in Rome to-day, publicly, and its author, the man whose name stands in large letters upon the title-page, is the idol of the people of Italy, and is nowhere more loved than in Rome.

The Romans held his memory in ten times the affection that we do that of Washington, for his achievements were of this generation and his daring and bravery were of a nature that suits better the romantic nature of the people.

But his great fame comes from the fact that he was a bold, persistent, assailant of the Church, that he made a war upon it relentlessly and unsparingly.

He held that Italy could never be regenerated so long as she had the burden of the Church to bear, and that its only hope was what was finally accomplished—the entire separation of Church and State. He showed in this book that there was a priest for every 16 of the population, and that were they all honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties the number was absurdly out of proportion to their uses.

But he did not stop with that. He unearthed their irregularities, he impugned their motives, denounced their practices, and in short demanded in the name of the people their eradication. He did it with the boldness that characterized him in all his work. His is the most intensely hated name in Italy by the Church party and the most dearly loved by the masses of the people.

The dead hero is stronger to-day and wields a more potent influence than all of Italy's living statesmen. "Thus Garibaldi said!" is the guide at this moment of the Roman conscience.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

Another very significant fact is the entire absence of respect shown the priests on the streets, and the universal and very hearty greeting the King, Queen or any member of the royal family receive whenever they appear in public. There are no reverences to the priest, no hats are lifted, and no respect or even courtesy shown. If they are recognized at all, by the populace in general, it is with a scowl that shows absolute dislike, if not worse. The priests do not walk through Rome with the old-time lordly air, but they shrink to the wall, as though they were conscious of the fact that they are merely tolerated, and that very unwillingly.

Before the King's time the soldiers would make way for the priests—now three soldiers will walk abreast on the sidewalk and compel the priests they meet to take the gutter. They will make way for citizens, but they take a delight in the humiliation of the monks and friars.

THE KING.

On the other hand whenever the King or Queen appears, or wherever their livery is displayed, off go the hats of the populace with a will, not a mere outward manifestation of respect that is half compelled and reluctantly given, but a genuine hearty tribute, which the King or Queen invariably return just as heartily. The difference is as marked as that between sunlight and darkness.

This is significant, because the King owes his popularity entirely and wholly to the fact that in a quiet, but very effective way, he is waging war upon the Church, or rather that he is compelling it to occupy what he holds to be its proper place among the people, that he has shorn it of its powers, and placed it upon its own bottom, to sink or swim, as it deserves. He has taken from it its immense revenues, he has made its support dependent entirely upon the free will offerings of the people; he has made education free, which it opposed; he has done something to advance the interests of Rome, which the Church never did. In short he has rescued the people from its grasp, and they are grateful to him for it. Therefore the King is beloved by the people just in proportion as the Church is hated, and as the respect paid to the King is well nigh universal, and that to the Church confined to a small class, it is not difficult to determine their relative standing.

The Church of Rome is the weakest at its head, and there are reasons for it. After Victor Emanuel took the Government from the Pope, and English capital came in and Northern Italy poured down upon Rome with capital and some sort of energy, and Rome began to rise from the deadness of centuries of clerical rule, the people of Rome seeing that they were enjoying material prosperity under the King, instead of absolute stagnation under the Popes, began to make some inquiries into the matter. The streets had always swarmed with priests, and as there were thousands who entered the Church not from any call of duty, not from any fitness for the clerical office, but simply as other men went into law or medicine, it was discovered that to be a priest was not always to be a good man. There was a frightful amount of immorality among the lowers orders of priests, and the people chafed under paying the forced respect they were compelled to give men whom they believed to be worse than themselves. Then it came to a point where they began to inquire what earthly use all this swarm was to them, and why should so many people be exempt from the duties of life, and be mere consumers and not producers. And when they dared to ask questions like these, the supremacy of the church was gone. It had maintained itself by not permitting itself to be questioned—when the people could question the church lost its power.

THE CONDITION OF THE CLERGY.

In addition to these causes for complaint against the clerical orders, another was not wanting to aid in the process of disintegration that was going on slowly but surely, detaching the people from the church. No matter what the condition of business and the people, no matter how poor and poverty-stricken Rome might be, the Cardinals and other high dignitaries in the employ of the Church were always very rich, they and their families. It was only necessary for one of a family to attain position in the Church, and the entire connection became immediately opulent. There is scarcely a great estate in the Papal States which did not come directly from the Church, or which did not come to the family after the accession of one of its members to clerical dignity. The Cardinals owned all the territory outside the city, the families of the Cardinals were the nobles and princes holding vast estates inside the city, in short, the Church was as certainly the path to wealth as it was to political prominence and power.

Inasmuch as the people could not see why all this should be conferred upon a class that toiled not neither did they spin, and inasmuch as this wealth was used for no good purpose, that they could see, and as its holders became exceedingly arrogand and generally distasteful to the commonalty, it needed but a trifle to inspire toward them a feeling of hatred which culminated in open complaint, and, when a leader was found, in open opposition.

It is a wise provision of nature that makes every evil carry with it a cure. Arrogance is a certain accompaniment of power, and arrogance kills power. If a man could only have power and know how to use it discreetly! If a man could amass wealth without becoming a spendthrift or oppressor! But nature interposes checks and balances which protect the weak from the strong. Wealth and power have within themselves the principle of destroying themselves. Wherever there is a rattlesnake there is an antidote for its bite close at hand.

ANOTHER TROUBLE.

Possibly Rome might have endured the number of priests and attaches of the Church without an open rebellion, but there was a belief in their immorality, which, just or unjust, prevailed and could not be eradicated. The Roman people believe that the priests as a class are licentious. The Italian mother is very strict with her girls, never permitting them to go out alone, and keeping them, until they are married, under the closest surveillance. This bondage is, very naturally, irksome to the full-blooded girl who is approaching the years of matrimony, and to escape it she marries the first eligible opportunity that offers. The leading idea of the Roman girl is to gain her liberty, to be liberated from a bondage that is hateful to her, and marriage is the only escape. Therefore there is not, as a rule, the sentiment that in other and more happy countries insures faithfulness on the part of the wife, and every Italian husband feels a sort of insecurity in his domestic relations that must be uncomfortable, to say the least. "Mutual confidence," as Mr. Micawber remarked, is lacking—and "mutual confidence" is an essential to happiness in the marriage relation.

The Roman citizen believed that against everybody but the priest the husband could make some sort of a fight. If a gallant is too attentive to his wife for comfort, he could watch him, and can see that opportunity for invasion be avoided; but what could he do against the priest? The wife's confessor has access to her at his or her will, the sacredness of his office gives him all the opportunity he wants, to say nothing of the influence which a priest has over a woman who believes, and who believes in a superstitious way, without reason.

The Roman husband has no faith in the chastity of the priest, and consequently constantly doubts the steadiness of his wife. He knows his wife married him for her freedom, that she accepted the light yoke of a husband to escape the galling chains of a mother, and he believes hot blood may course in the veins of the man with the shaven crown just the same as in those of any other man. He does not, in his soul, believe in the sanctity or chastity of the priest, and as the young wife always prefers a young priest for her confessor, he feels he is on rather dangerous ground.

To add to this sense of insecurity, a great many cases of scandals with priests are constantly occurring. A few years ago the estate of Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's first lieutenant, was attacked by a lady claiming to be his daughter, and all Rome believed that her claim was well-founded. Then the priests have too many "nephews," and it is generally believed that a priest's nephew is the priest's son. There are so many priests's nephews in Rome that it is a common remark that to marry the brother or sister of a priest is to be blessed with a very large family. When one Roman wants to insult another, the very worst he can say is to stigmatize him as a "priest's nephew." That is a mortal offence.

The destruction of convents and nunneries in various parts of Italy brought to light a great many things that were not calculated to impress the people with a respect for the priesthood, and dissipated the belief in the austerity of life that they professed, and altogether the Order received so many shocks in one way or another that it came to be hated when it was no longer feared. When Garibaldi and Victor Emanuel sheared off its claws everybody commenced spitting upon the lion, and a lion that can be spit upon and has so conducted himself that people will spit upon him, is a very sorry animal.

The women of the lower classes and the very low orders of men show the priests some respect, but these are the only ones that do.

THE SITUATION.

The situation in Rome religiously is about this: There is an immense party who have left the church for good, and gone into all the various shades of unorthodoxy. These may be classed as Infidels—at least they are without any belief in religious things.

There is another class who hold to all the doctrines of the Catholic Church, who go to confession and attend all the services of the church, but who affirm that the church has authority only in things spiritual but it must keep its hands off of things temporal. They deny the right of the church to meddle or mix in anything outside of its peculiar office, including in this, government, education, and everything else except religion.

To this class belong the King and the Government, and whatever there is that is solid in Rome and Italy, and they are hated more intensely by the priests than the avowed infidels.

Then there is the Papal party, made up of a few old Princes, who derived their estates originally from the Church, and who want the old order of things maintained.

The attendance upon the services at the churches has dropped off within 10 years over 75 per cent. In fact, the average Roman does not go at all except occasionally to honor their wives. The women are the chief upholders of the Church, in this as in all countries.

Young Italy, as a very great party designate themselves, is waging an active war upon the Church, and it is a power. The organization is thoroly devoted to the King and his Government, and as it includes almost all there is of enterprise and that sort of power, it is capable of and is doing a great work. It is the party that is pushing all the educational schemes and doing something for the strengthening of the country.

THE BOTTOM TRUTH

is that the Government is waging a most relentless war upon the Church and doing it with consummate skill. King Humbert, the son of Victor Emanuel, studied the methods of the great Cavour, his father's minister, and is working upon them. He does not shock the religious sense of the people; he is a scrupulous observer of all the forms of the Church, and makes it understood that he is making no war upon faith. He recognizes the authority of the Church in spiritual matters, and will not permit it to be harassed or annoyed when it keeps within that line. For instance in the regulations of the carnival, when license reigns supreme and everything is burlesqued, caricaturing of the Church or anything pertaining to it is strictly forbidden, and the same rule runs through everything. But he holds that the Church must content itself with spiritual authority, that the people shall govern themselves through their constituted authorities, and that the Church must keep its hands off of matters temporal. He restrains the Church with one hand and the anti-Church with the other, and in the meantime is vindicating the soundness of his ideas by improving and developing the country, educating the people and restoring Rome to its ancient glory.

The people seeing and feeling the good he is accomplishing give him hearty support, the army idolize him and he has the country in his hands. It is well that he is naturally a good man, and that he has acumen enough to surround himself with wise counsellors.

He is active in everything that tends to make Rome prosperous. In January there was opened the Roman Academy of Fine Arts, an idea conceived and executed by himself. A magnificent building was erected on the Broadway of Rome, the Via Nazionale, a beautiful structure with a frontage of perhaps 500 feet, built of the finest marble and decorated most beautifully and lighted so as to make it show its contents properly. In this magnificent structure the artists of Rome both in painting and sculpture may exhibit their works. As a rule when Kings make gifts to their people it is very like a wife making her husband presents on the occasions of his birthday. It is all very well, and is a very pretty piece of sentiment, which he appreciates till he finds it in his quarterly bill. The people generally find a King's gift in their tax duplicate. Humbert is an exception to this rule. His work for his people is genuine and done from a good motive and at his own expense. The museum is a magnificent contribution to Rome, and well-conceived and well-executed. When it was opened to the public in January last over 2,000 works of merit were on exhibition.

A slight fee is exacted of the people just enough to maintain it without being a burden upon the public, and it is to-day one of the attractive points in Rome.

It was opened by the King in person, and the City seized the occasion to show their respect for him. The street and those leading to it were decorated in the most gorgeous style, the day was made a holiday, and young Italy made it a demonstration in favor of their leader, the King, as much as a tribute to art.

The comments of the masses as the royal carriage entered the beautiful street, which, by the way, the King created, is significant: "This is better than a new church!" "Under the Pope we should have had a new Cathedral and a procession of priests!" "Live the good King, who does something for Rome!" and as he passed every head was uncovered and the most hearty cheers rent the air.

Humbert is not a popularity-seeking demagogue, but a sincere lover of his country, who actually believes Italy can be made great, and who is determined to do what is possible to the bringing about of that result. He is not the greatest man in the world, but he has great good sense, and strict honesty. He is seen frequently upon the streets, generally driving himself—by the way he is a superb horseman and very fond of horse exercise—and he never fails to return a salute offered him, no matter how humble the person from whom the acknowledgement comes. He has a very firm hold upon the affections of the Italian people.

WHAT IS AND IS NOT.

It must not be supposed that Rome is becoming Protestant. Rome is not as thoroughly Catholic as it was, for a vast amount of questioning has driven a vast number of people into open infidelity or rationalism. This class, and it is a very large one, reject all religion, and are as much infidel as the most advanced of the French school. But there is another class who works with them, although differing entirely from them. They are Catholics who accept the Scriptures and also the forms of the Catholic Church, but who will not concede the claim of the Church to control over anything but their spiritual natures. This class also insist upon religion being perfectly free, upon permitting every human being to worship as he pleases and believe as he pleases, making his religion no test. They would protect a Protestant, a Mohamedan, a Jew, or any one else, the only measure of a man's value being his worth to the community. This class is much the largest in Rome, and between them and the Radicals, religion is as free under the shadow of the Vatican as it is anywhere in the world, and as many varieties flourish as anywhere, and perhaps more.

But the Catholics of this school will not take Protestantism, and all efforts to that end have been, thus far, failures. There are a score or more of Protestant Churches in Rome, but they are mostly attended by tourists and Winter residents, and millions of pages of tracts have been distributed which found their way with all dispatch into the receptacles for waste paper, and thence to the paper-mills. There are Italian Protestants, as there always have been, but they were originals, and not converts. The anti-Church movement from which the Protestant societies expected so much, was not a protest against Catholicity, it was a protest against the abuses that had crept into the Church.

Converts have been made from Catholicism to Protestantism, but in no very great numbers.

*Those curious to read this curious volume may procure it by enclosing 30 cents to Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass. It has no value as a story but is instructive as showing the causes that led to the revolution that made Victor Emanuel king of Italy and destroyed the civil power of the Papacy.

Our Story Teller.

DR. CARAJO'S PATIENT

JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Dr. Carajo sat in his veranda, smoking a cigar. His chair was a curious bamboo structure, of Japanese manufacture; and upon the carved stone balustrade beside him sat a goblet of Venetian glass half full of iced sherbet. The doctor sat in the clear shadow, and gazed out meditatively upon a lovely prospect of semi-tropical sea and shore. His house, built in the Spanish style, stood on the hight at the verge of an antique Town—a Town of narrow, irregular streets and high-shouldered buildings, with projecting windows and arched doorways. It has not altered in hundreds of years, save to grow grayer, more indolent and more venerable. Here and there on the outskirts clusters of palm trees supported their dark waving plumes on delicate stems; to the right a great river merged slumbering into the sea. Across this scene the afternoon sun flung a broad, mellow radiance, and breathings of delicious air came up with messages of coolness from the ocean.

In this lovely and forgotten spot Dr. Carajo had lived three years. Not every man could have made himself part of such a community without occasioning a good deal of excitement and remark; a stranger was nowhere so much a stranger as in that ancient Town. But Dr. Carajo had ventured into the still and immemorial life of the place as quietly and unremarkably as a shadow of the evening. Quiet and reserved he was of manner, but he was in no sense an insignificant man. His forehead was wide and high, with a peculiar fineness of modeling about the temples; thin black hair, slightly tinged with gray, grew in short curls about his head. His brows were heavy. his eyes deep set and black, with a clear, calm gaze, which never kindled into wrath or melted into tenderness. His nose was straight, with sensitive nostrils; his mouth and chin were concealed by a heavy gray mustache and imperial. In figure he was slight, somewhat round shouldered, and he had a grave, methodical way of walking, not devoid of unconscious dignity. In his bearing towards others he was courteous but wholly cold and unimpassioned. His smile was rare and slightly contemptuous. His voice was musical and low, but somewhat metallic; his speech brief, unhurried and careful. He seemed not so much a man with warm blood in his veins and living interests in his heart, as a serene and loveless abstraction of certain human qualities. Thus he came among the people of the old Town, unquestioned and in a social sense, almost unobserved. He brought no wife with him, nor were there any female servants in his household. He never was known to seek a woman's company, nor to indicate by his demeanor, any perception of difference in sex in those he met. On the other hand, as a man of learning, wealth and great skill in his profession, his reputation in the community was unrivaled, and people consulted him as they might have consulted some wise volume containing infallible remedies for bodily ills. Dr. Carajo, in brief, held the position of a kind of Providence, little thought about until he was needed, and then trusted implicitly. Professionally, he was known to every one, personally, to none.

II.

As Dr. Carajo sat smoking in his chair that sunny afternoon the noise of a carriage proceeding up the street attracted his attention. Without altering his position he allowed his eye to rest upon the vehicle and its occupant. The latter was a woman dressed in white, with a black lace mantilla thrown over her shoulders. She was in the prime of her youth and beauty, but her anxious and nervous manner showed evidence of much distress of mind. As Dr Carajo looked upon her his eyes dilated, his face flushed, then he grew very pale. He leaned back in his chair as if to conceal himself, and remained for several moments motionless, save for his uneven breathing, and the tremulous grasp of his hands upon the arms of his chair. But when the wheels stopped before his door, and the bell sounded in the court below, Dr. Carago drew a longer and firmer breath, and sat erect. By the time the servant arrived with the information that a lady was below who desired to see him on a matter of life and death, he appeared no less serene and impassive than usual. "Bring hither a chair for the lady," he said, "and say that I await her."

Having given these directions the Doctor rose from his chair and remained leaning negligently against the stone balustrade of the balcony, with his face toward the room which opened upon it. A short time elapsed—short, that is, by the watch, though how long it may have seemed to Dr. Carajo it is impossible to say. Then a rustle and a whiteness advancing through the darkness of the room announced the visitor's approach. As she set foot on the balcony the Doctor bowed his head courteously.

"Dr. Carajo," she began, speaking abruptly and impetuously, "I was told to come to you—that no one but you could cure my husband—"

At that word the Doctor raised his head and looked his visitor in the face, while a faint contemptuous smile quivered for an instant beneath his gray mustache.

The lady stopped short, her beautiful lips apart, and her great eyes fixed in a gaze of seeming amazement or dismay. Presently she muttered some unintelligible words, raised her hands across her bosom with a gesture of fear or of repulsion, and her face and neck crimsoned with a hot blush.

The Doctor contemplated her for a few moments, and then said coolly: "Be seated, madam. Your husband, you were about to say—?"

"I should not have come—they said Dr. Carajo—"

"You were rightly informed, madam. I am Dr. Carajo, and I alone can cure your husband—if he be curable. You may place every confidence in me."

"O, what shall I do!" murmured the lady, pressing her hands over her face. She stood dizzily and would have fallen had not the Doctor by a light touch guided her to a chair. She sank down, a tremor passed through her body and her eyes closed.

"You appear yourself to be indisposed, Madam," observed the Doctor. "The heat outside is great and you have overexerted yourself. This scent will revive you," and as he spoke he held to her nostrils a small phial containing a pungent perfume. "You ask me what you should do," he continued. "You should, in my opinion, lose no time in telling me the circumstances to which I owe your visit. If your husband's case is so precarious, as I am given to understand, a delay might prove fatal."

"Would you not be more fatal than any delay?" demanded the lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"You are scarcely complimentary," returned the Doctor, with a smile. "I would my best for him, as for any other human creature entrusted to my care. Nevertheless, if you deem it best to seek assistance elsewhere, you should know me enough to know that I leave you free to do what you will."

"Yes, I know you in that speech," exclaimed the lady, in a low but passionate tone. "You would leave me free—too free. You say you would do your best for any human creature left to your care; but the human soul intrusted to your care you would leave free to fall into temptation and be destroyed! But perhaps God will be more merciful than you think."

"I will not say I am surprised at your attacking me, madam," said the Doctor, quietly; "but I cannot pretend that, under the circumstances, I understand it."

A brief silence ensued; then the lady leaned forward, her hands clasped on her knees, and remained leaning negligently against the balustrade of the balcony.

"I am at your mercy," she said, "and even such a revenge as yours should be satisfied to see me here imploring your help. I take all the blame of what has been upon myself. But no punishment you could inflict on me could be half so humiliating as this which I inflict on myself. I ask you to save him! In asking it I give my life for his; for, after such a degradation, life would be a burden and a shame. If you have been waiting all these years for a chance to wreak your hatred on me, your time has come. It will never come again!"

The wild and reckless emphasis of this appeal, enhanced by the hushed voice in which it was spoken, seemed to have some effect upon Dr. Carajo. He stroked his gray mustache and meditated a little.

"Do you love this—husband of yours, Madam?" he finally inquired.

"Enough to beg his life at your hands," she answered sinking on her knees.

"As a physician," continued Dr. Carajo, "I have my professional customs. While always ready to exercise my skill in behalf of human suffering, I demand in return certain equivalents. From some one thing, from some another; money but seldom, for I am wealthy; but I compel my patients to feel that when the cure is effected we are but quits. I have already told you that it will give me pleasure to attempt the relief of your husband; but I omitted to mention the equivalent. Are you prepared to give it?"

"Anything—even my life!"

"Not your life, by any means. I shall merely require you, as soon as he is restored to health, to leave this Town, never to return. You will leave it alone, concealing from your husband your route and your destination. Never henceforth will you either see him or hold any manner of communication with him. Do you agree?"

The lady had risen to her feet and was pressing one hand over her heart. Her eyes searched Dr. Carajo's countenance with terrible intensity. "Will you fulfill your part of the contract?" she demanded.

"I will," he replied.

Her bosom rose and fell rapidly, her face quivered, and was now pale, now red. At last she said, with a gasp, as if her words tore her life up by the roots: "Then I consent. God hear me, and judge between us!"

"Be it so," rejoined the Doctor, bravely. "And now, if you please, I will accompany you to your husband. On the way you will inform me as to his ailment. He shall be brought to my house, and you shall witness my treatment of him. Afterward——" he made a significant gesture. The lady moved her head in assent. But as they left the balcony a thought struck her, and she turned again.

"You will not let him know that you—are——?"

"I will let him know that I am Doctor Carajo, madam," said the other, bowing coldly and making way for her to pass.

III.

Dr. Carajo's private room was as cool, as quiet and as secluded as the Doctor himself. The floor was of fine Pompeian mosaic, partly covered with rugs of delicately woven Indian matting. The lower part of the walls was of yellow marble, relieved with black; above were panels of rich woods, highly polished. The ceiling was vaulted, and contained a window of stained glass, in the nature of a skylight. At one end of the room was a deep alcove, across the entrance to which was suspended a screen or vail of some soft silken fabric, through which the interior of the room could be seen, though the observer could himself be invisible. Large leaved plants stood here and there in marble vases; low plants and tables were placed in convenient positions; and in the center of the chamber was a broad couch or ottoman, cushioned, and draped with the finest cambric. At the end opposite the alcove was a small water-jet, playing with a tinkling through the mouth of a bronze lion's head into a marble basin attached to the wall. A delicious coolness and fragrance pervaded the apartment, which was entirely removed from all outside noises and influences.

Three persons were present in this room—Dr. Carajo, the lady, and a man who lay at full length upon the couch. He was tall and powerfully formed, with broad shoulders and massive limbs. His features expressed strength and vigor; too rugged to be called handsome, but full of masculine pith and ability. A thick brown beard covered the lower part of his face; his eyes were closed, and he lay in an apparent lethargy. Upon his forehead and on his arms which were bare, appeared a number of small spots or blotches of a purplish hue. But for a slight intermittent movement of the chest, indicating a subdued respiration, the man might have been supposed to be dead.

"The opiate will exhaust its effects in a few minutes," observed Dr. Carajo, bending over his patient and eyeing him critically. "From this time the active phase of the case begins. The poison has thus far made itself perceptible only by a superficial heat and stinging. It will now lay hold on the interior parts of the organism; there will be little or no pain, but more danger."

"How long will this last?" asked the lady, who had now assumed a demeanor outwardly as quiet and self possessed as the doctor's own. "We may expect three separate stages," the Doctor answered, "extending over several hours. The patient will retain his faculties, but their action will be modified in a peculiar manner in each of the three stages. As the poison strikes more and more deeply inward you will notice a corresponding alteration in—ah! he begins to awake."

"Is there any hope

ordinary importance, though, perhaps, the mind needs to be refreshed occasionally by renewed intercourse with its mate, providing it with fresh incidents and developments to consider and interpret."

"Your philosophy is certainly persuasive," observed Dr. Carajo. "But from this point of view, what think you of the so-called sanctity of the marriage bond?"

"It is an ingenious device for the preservation of outward social order," said the other, "but not in itself worthy of an intellectual man's respect. The laws of the mind are evidently above the control of social laws. Were all men ruled, as they ought to be, by the intellect, bonds of any kind, marriage or other, would cease to be. Households would still exist, and families would be reared; but the free intercourse of mind with mind, with all that that implies, would be admitted, and, as a consequence, the passion of jealousy would vanish along with other relics of barbarism. In other words, marriage based upon intellectual sympathy would no longer be checked by marriages of merely material convenience, and immorality would disappear with the artificial morality which has created it."

"A desirable consummation, indeed," remarked Doctor Carajo. "And so you would, without repugnance, behold Lenore in possession of another of more sympathetic intellectual endowments than yourself?"

"The question seems a fair one," returned the other doubtfully, "but I have perhaps omitted some essential point in my analysis. Allowing the possibility that such an intellect as you suppose might exist, I still can not conceive him as having rights over Lenore. The fact that we have belonged to each other has created between us something that did not exist before; and which can not be removed; something neither physical nor intellectual, yet more substantial than either. I confess it perplexes me, and my mind is weary. I must rest awhile before considering it further."

And even as he spoke he sank into a lethargy.

V.

The interval between this stage and the final one lasted but a few minutes, but was marked by an even greater change in the aspect of the patient. The bodily substance of the man seemed, to great measure, to have sunk away and become translucent; he was not so much a physical object as a spiritual presence. The light in his eyes had the appearance of proceeding from some source beyond matter, and to see things which material sight has no cognizance of. At times a slight trembling passed through him as if his body were shaken by the effort of some inward power to break away from its imprisonment. His voice, reduced to a whisper, nevertheless thrilled upon the ear with a distinctness and force that outdid the noblness of the sturdiest lungs.

"Lenore!" he exclaimed, commandingly, "come to me."

"Hush!" said Dr. Carajo, with a frown. "She is not here."

"She is behind that vail," returned the other, "let her come forth."

At first there was no response to this summons; but by and by the curtain was grasped from within and slowly drawn aside. In the opening appeared the figure of Lenore, white in face and figure, like a ghost obeying a ghostly mandate. As her glance met that of Dr. Carajo's patient she faltered and uttered a low cry.

"You are dying, my love!" she said. "He has killed you!"

"By no means," said Dr. Carajo, sullenly. "At this moment I would buy his life with my own. Human skill has done its utmost."

"Do not come too near," murmured Lenore's lover, as she advanced toward him, "We have no time to lose."

"Am I not yours? Do you not love me?" she cried in a voice weighted with unshed tears, and holding out her hands to him.

"There is a spiritual barrier between us," he said. "Do not by your fleshy hand disregard it. It seemed to me that I loved you; it seems still. But there has never been a true union between you and me. The license of the body, the arrogant insanity of the intellect—these parsedly love and banish it. Can happiness be founded on murder? And we murdered marriage, Lenore."

"But I never loved him, nor he me," she said passionately. And then with a sweeping gesture of the arm, she pointed to Dr. Carajo. "That is the man. Let him answer if what I say is not true."

The Doctor shrugged his shoulders. "The question is a futile one," he said "Sin, like God, is no respecter of persons. Take it, if you will, that I was justly served. Her responsibility toward the covenant she broke is the same, and thereby she is condemned. But I deprecate this discussion and the foolish revelation which occasioned it. If I were the person she asserts, I have long since ceased to be so. His name and his heart —be it good or evil—are mine no more. I am plain Dr. Carajo, a man of science and an observer."

"Your heart is at least the same in its coldness and revengefulness," said Lenore, bitterly.

"Coldness! I loved you!" exclaimed Dr. Carajo, with sudden and strange vehemence. "I tried to win your love but you withheld it. Mine was no surface passion, to be expressed with a flow of words and protestations; and because I could not speak you thought me indifferent. Then, in my absence you met this man and betrayed me. I would not condescend to pursue you, and supplicate you, or to seek a vulgar vengeance. I left you to the retribution of time and change. And this hour rewards me."

"Can such love as ours be wrong?" demanded Lenore, turning to her lover. "Is it not its own justification?"

"No, Lenore; nor must we seek justification," answered the dying man. "We have polluted the sacred symbol which is the image of creation. As light is married to heat, form to substance and truth to goodness, so is man married to woman. The sanctity of that union is above and independent of individual conditions. For the sake of one selfish pleasure should we oppose and defy a law in which are bound up the purity and welfare of mankind? or should we say that because this man fails to be a worthy husband we may violate the warrant thereof he, whether worthy or not, is the representative?"

"If the love that for these three years past has been our life, be wickedness," said Lenore, "then why should I desire truth and goodness?"

"The love which opposes love of humanity is, in its essence, not love but hatred," the dying man answered. "It is with such love that we heretofore loved each other; it is grounded in mortality and must pass away. But there is something in us that outlasts the strength of the body and the pride of the intellect—a soul which can not die, and whose love is real and immortal. My soul, which until now I have never known or acknowledged, is now awake and fills the place of death; it is I!"

"And do you love me still?" asked Lenore.

"Whether it be a new profanation or a promise, I love you still," he murmured; "nay, I have never truly loved you until this moment."

"We shall meet hereafter," she said.

"Let your heart imagine it," he replied; the wages of sin is not happiness. Pray only that he whom we have chiefly wronged be less a sufferer thereby than we ourselves."

"Let not that disturb you," said Dr. Carajo, gloomily. "If what this dying man has said be true—and it may be so, for aught I can tell—you have injured each other more fatally than you have injured me. I ask no more. Heaven may promise you what happiness it will; I shall not cross you there."

"Farewell, Lenore!" said her lover, in a tone whose solemnity overawed its tenderness.

"Must I stay here alone?" she cried out in agony. "Let me go with you?"

"Not so!" Rejoice, rather, that your road of retribution lies in the world. As for me, I go to a strange country, whose ways and boundaries no man knows."

There was a silence. He is gone!" muttered Dr. Carajo, turning away.

But Lenore pressed her hands over her heart.

"Here he is," said she.

Written for the Toledo Blade.

PIONEER LIFE.

Recollections of Early Days in the West.

BY DR. H. SCOTT.

No. 9.

The breaking of the wilderness, clearing the land of the superincumbent forests and fallen logs, preparatory to cultivation, were processes and views which have ended, mainly, and are lost sight of, never again to be beheld, except in miniature; nor can the pictures be reproduced on paper. The writer, while describing them, is mentally surrounded on all sides by burning log-heaps, the crackling of burning brush-heaps, felling rail-trees, the click of chopping-axes, the laying up of new rail-fences, the dull thud of the rail-maul, while he is surrounded on all hands by sweet-singing birds, drumming pheasants, chirruping squirrels and barring woodpeckers, as the barking of old "Watch" or "Rover," off in the woods, announces the treeing of a groundhog or a wildcat, or possibly a monster blacksnake, with now and then the sharp crack of the hunter's rifle not far away, and all as fresh and real as if it had occurred yesterday, instead of three score and ten years ago. There is not a single feature of these primitive scenes lost from the picture. The scenes here described belonged, of course, to the timbered lands. These breaks in the forests were, in the vernacular of the times, commonly called clearings, sometimes openings.

The first thing to be done was the grubbing. Men went over the ground to be cleared with the grubbing hoe, (mattock) and dug up all the small bushed by the root. This was done by bending the bush backward, where it was held with the right leg thrown over it while, with hoe end of the mattock, it was grubbed up by cutting off the roots. The grubbing was generally done in troughs, often three or four men working in the same clearing. The tops were for the most part left lying all in the same direction. The bushes were next lifted and placed in piles, which were called brush-heaps. This was generally the work of boys, and was called picking brush. It was common to allow the brush-heaps to remain until they became more or less dry, when they were set on fire and burned to ashes; and this was called burning brush, and was for the most part done after night, as a kind of frolic.

The saplings were next chopped down and the limbs trimmed off and thrown onto the brush heap, while the trunks were cut in two to be burned on the log heaps. Then the fallen logs were chopped into lengths of 10 or 12 feet, or perhaps "niggered" off. This niggering off was done by burning them through with fires kept up by day and night, by means of chunks and by poles laid across them at proper distances, which fires were not allowed to die out. It was the work of one or two persons, generally boys, to tend the fires by constantly going the rounds and renewing them. If rain put the fires out, they had to be rekindled.

After the logs were all cut, or niggered off, then came the log rolling. Every man and stout boy from some distance around was invited to the log-rolling; and not to be invited was held to be a slight, and no one went uninvited. The log-rolling consisted in placing the logs and poles in piles, called log heaps; and every man went because each owed every other that service—to which they were entitled to in return. There was always whisky and a big dinner provided. Generally the ground and the men were equally divided, and the work done on the principle of a race, or contest. Each party had a chosen Captain. The logs were carried to their places with handspikes placed under them, with a man at each end of the spike, from six to 10 or 12 men to a log, according to its weight. Hand-spikes were stout sticks of from four to five or six feet in length, with the bark shaved off and sloped at each end. Dogwood, hickory, and oak, or water beech, were used. Dogwood was preferable, as being the strongest wood. A good set of hand-spikes would last several years, and were often borrowed from farm to farm. After the rolling, the log heaps were fired and kept burning until they were entirely consumed.

Sometimes the land to be cleared was fenced before the grubbing, but not generally until after it was all cleared off, ready for the plow. All the green trees left standing were deadened, to prevent them from putting out leaves. There were two methods of doing this. The first consisted of chopping a ring round the trunk, two or three feet from the ground and deep enough to go through the bark and white wood. This might be done at any season of the year, but it was best to be done before the sap began to flow. The other method was to cut through the bark, one ring a foot or two above the other, and then with the blade of the ax peal the bark from the wood between the two rings. This could only be done while the sap was flowing, say in the month of May. In either case the mounting of the sap was prevented and the tree died, because the sap was its life blood.

The first plowing, or breaking up, as it was called, of new ground in timbered land was often both difficult and perplexing, on account of the network of the roots of trees with which the surface was interlaced. The sharp coulter of the bar-shear plow would cut through them, when, if they were on or near the surface, one of the ends, after having been carried forward to a strong tension, would fly back and strike the plowman an unmerciful whack on the shins. A good story was told of a Methodist preacher in connection with plowing. It is likely that many readers have heard it; but it will bear repeating, he was passing a clearing where a man was plowing. Happening to hear some words that could not be properly repeated in the meeting house, he reigned up his horse for the purpose of remonstrating with the former on his profanity. The latter told him he (the preacher) could not plow around through that clearing without swearing. The preacher said he could. He took the handles and went around, and then give place to the farmer, with the remark, that he did not think he had grace enough to repeat the round.

And thus the first corn patches were literally raised among the trees. In the course of a couple of years, the tree tops, from being dead, became brittle, and the small limbs began to be driven off by the Winter storms and precipitated to the ground, and if there chanced to occur a heavy sleet, the weight of the ice adhering to the twigs and small limbs caused them to break loose and come to the ground, so that every returning Spring a brush picking and burning was required. In this way, after the lapse of six or eight years, the naked trunks of the trees, with the principal large branches only remained and during periods of from 10 or 15 to 25 years, old dead trunks of trees were still seen standing in the fields. They were, however, year after year, from decay, falling, thus necessitating almost annual log rolling, until at last they were all gone. For the simple purpose of getting rid of the superabundance of timber with which the lands were covered, it was necessary to reduce it to ashes; and it will doubtless not be hazarding too much to say that during the first 35 or 40 years of the present century, timber enough was consumed by fire in the Northwest territory to have furnished fuel for the whole extent of country, as well as all the steam engines now in operation, for 200 years.

In many parts of the Western country, during the early years of its settlement, the manufacture of what is known commonly as maple sugar, was a considerable branch of business, not only for domestic use but for trade. The sugar tree from which it was made was called sometimes, though improperly, hard maple. It is however a variety of the maple, and classed *Acer saccharinum*. It grew very abundantly on the richer lands of the timbered sections of the country, and very generally along, or in the near vicinity of the water streams. In some sections almost every settler had his sugar camp. The season for sugar making was February and March, when the frost was going out of the ground. What were called "good sugar days" were warm, sunny days following frosty nights. It was made from the sweet water drawn from the trees through sugar "spiles." The process need not be described, as its manufacture will soon have ceased forever. During a lively run of the sugar water it was necessary to be in the camps all night boiling down the water to keep up with the run. The writer recalls many a night out in the camp at the time when he was a small boy, that the wolves howled around us all night, sometimes coming so near that their red eyes could be seen by looking out under the bushes, and we threw firebrands at them to frighten them away. Sugar could not be made at any season, only when the frost was going out.

An Irishman just from the Emerald Isle bought a piece of land in our neighborhood and opened a sugar camp. His neighbors initiated him in the art, and he was greatly delighted. In June, after he had his corn planted, he had an idle week, which he concluded to improve by making some more sugar. He went out and opened his camp, and was greatly surprised at not seeing a drop of water come out. He sent for my father to see if he had driven the spiles in right.

Miscellany.

FOR THE LADIES.

Sweden has given the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to the daughter of an army officer.

An Indiana woman drinks nothing but black tea while she is in mourning. Such consistency is truly pathetic.

The young American ladies who assisted Lady Waterlaw in the American stall at the great fishery-fete, among whom were the daughters of Mr. John Bigelow, all wore the stars and stripes in shoulder-knots.

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard
To get her poor daughter a gown;
She made it up slattern,
With a sack for a pattern,
And the style spread all over the town.

German law courts are not over polite to the fair sex. A lady witness in a Strasburg court, who had sworn to the ownership of only 26 Summers, when, in reality, she was the happy possessor of twice that number, was indicted for perjury.

At one of the watering places an impatient young man walked up to the door of the bathing house in which he thought his male companion was dressing, and, knocking on the same, testily inquired, "When in blazes are you going to get those pants on?" There was a faint giggle, and a silvery voice replied, "When I get married, I suppose."

A woman at a White Mountain hotel is the owner of a very handsomely painted black satin parasol, which she keeps open, not only out of doors, but in the house. She has it spread over her head when sitting on the piazza, when crossing the hall, and even when ascending the stairs, probably from absent-mindedness.

The Princess de Segan has given to an interviewer of the *Figaro*, as the sum necessary for the toilet of a fashionable Paris woman, for dressmaking, $4,200; millinery, $600; linen, $800; boots, shoes and slippers, $300; gloves, hosiery, ribbons, ties and other trifles, $12; lace, $600; hair dressing and perfumery, $900; umbrellas and parasols, $100; total, $6,900.

Feminine impossibilities: To attend church without gossiping about clothes of other worshippers on the way home. To get along with a wife's love of a bonnet. To meet her feminine enemy without kissing her. To get along with a "fixed-over" dress when the next-door neighbor flaunts out in a new silk. To refuse that horrible dude, Mr. Smithe, when he asks her to dance. To have a tooth extracted without going about Town to have her friends condole with her. To think her husband enjoys her meat apparance as well as her friends. To understand why home isn't as pleasant as elsewhere. To know why her children don't trouble her neighbors as much a theirs bother her.—*Waterloo Observer.*

Two Philadelphia speculators have engaged 20 young women to play base ball in the Fall and Winter in the Southern States, and the ladies are practising daily. One team will be fair-haired, light-complexioned girls, and will be known as the "Blondes." The other team will be brunettes, with dark hair and black eyes. The blondes will wear blue blouses, knickerbockers, and short skirts, with scarlet hose. The brunettes will tear around the bases in the same style of costume of a deep crimson, and blue stockings. The teams will begin their season on Saturday, September 1, on the Philadelphia Athletic grounds, and will play one week. In their tour the managers will carry with them a nine-foot canvas wall to inclose a field whenever a place is visited that has no ball grounds.

At intervals, when she was not engaged in teaching the young idea to shoot, Miss Fuller, a school teacher at Grand Marais, Mich., has been teaching herself to handle a Winchester rifle. Having attained a degree of skill which seemed to her sufficient, she induced Mr. Michael Bragel, at whose house she is a boarder, to procure her just one shot at a deer. A favorable night was chosen, a small boat with a lantern in the bow and Miss Fuller in the stern was rowed out upon a secluded lake, and presently a noble buck, attracted by the glare, sprang through the brushwood into the water. "Now's your time," said the gallant Michael. "Where shall I aim for?" gasped the girl. "Right behind the ear," was the answer. There was a moment's silence, then a flash, a sharp crack, and the buck was struggling upon the water, crimsoned with blood which flowed from a bullet-hole "right behind the ear." The school teacher sank upon her knees in the boat, clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven and softly murmured: "Now let me only bag a bear and I shall be ready to die!"

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Stock speculation is dull in England, as in the United States, and the lambs are less numerous than formerly.

Somebody has been bright enough to say: "Langtry and Gebhardt—the Lily of the Valley, and the Valet of the Lily."

Theatrical item: The "Black Crook" ought to run better than any other piece on the stage. It has more legs.—*N. O Picayune.*

A New Orleans doctor advertises that he can cure people of a love for whisky drinking. That is the last thing, however, that a whisky drinker wants to be cured of.

It is reported that the once pivotal statesman, the Rev. and Hon. Gilbert de la Matyr, of Indiana, has retired from politics and his State and will preach in Denver.

An Iowa family gave a tramp a dinner, and the tramp gave the family the small-pox. Don't blame the poor man; perhaps that was all he had to give.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Cicero said there is an eloquence in silence. Cicero evidently used to crawl up stairs in his stocking feet when he came home from lodge.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"Look here!" exclaimed the young gentleman in constricted unmentionables, "do you take me for a fool?" "I take you for just what you are," was the somewhat ambiguous response.

Statistical: Statistics show that 100,000 people are killed by whisky where one person is killed by a mad dog. And yet most everybody would rather tackle a glass of whisky than a mad dog.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Herr Pollini has offered Wagner's widow the sum of 1,000,000 marks for the exclusive rights of *Parsifal*, which, however, she has declined. The reason for her refusal, which is unaccountable considering the high price offered, does not transpire.

A Western writer thinks that it is unfortunate for women that they must wait for a courted. Yes, but just think how unfortunate it would be for a fellow if a half dozen women should follow him home and insist upon remaining until midnight courting him.—*Boston Star.*

One fellow might hang around a surf swimming place for weeks and never have a chance to rescue a rich man's daughter from a watery grave. Another would grapple a million heiress the very first day and be invited to her house to dinner. It is all luck.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A Cincinnati firm had for years kept in a drawer all the counterfeit money received in the course of business, and the other night a burglar got in and took every cent. It is supposed the burglar will write an indignant communication to the press as soon as he calms sufficiently to handle a pen.

A sufficient reason: "Dumley," said a friend, admiringly, "I believe you are a man to die with your boots on." "Yes!" replied Dumley, straightening himself and trying hard to appear too dare-devilish, "and why do you think so?" "Because you so rarely take them off when you go to bed." *Rochester Post-Express.*

A distinguished physician says. "After a careful examination of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Bowder, I am satisfied that it is a wholesome and valuable preparation, with which bread and other articles may be prepared suitable to a weakened and disordered digestion. Invalids may indulge in warm biscuits made with it, and feel the better for it."

RECENT LITERATURE.

GENESIS: The Miracles and the Predictions, According to Spiritism. By Allan Kardec. Translated from the French by the Spirit Guides of W. J. Colville. Published by Colby & Rich, Boston.

This is one of the most celebrated books on "Spiritism" extant, and is an attempt to interpret some of the Biblical statements by it. The author claimed that it was dictated to him by spirits, and the translator says that as he had only a small knowledge of the Gallic tongue, he was likewise assisted in his work. The book is gotten up in a neat black binding and contains 448 pages.

UP FROM THE CAPE. A Plea for Republican Simplicity. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

A bright little book, suitable for Summer reading. The character of Ruth Desire is very clearly drawn, and she and her vehement assertion of her religion are sure to please any reader. Uncle Eben is another quaint specimen of the Down Easter, whose pride in his lineage is as great as that of Aunt Desire. The binding is of a pretty grayish green. There are 250 pages.

ON A MEXICAN MUSTANG. By A. E. Sweet and J. A. Knox. Published by S. S. Scranton & Co., Hartford. Illustrated, Pp. 572.

Texas better deserves the name of the "Empire State" than New York, for while the latter may be the wealthier she is not to be compared in extent of territory with the big "Lone Star State," which is larger than the German Empire. Great as is this mightiest of our States it has less matter published about it than many of quarter its size and natural advantages. On this account the present book would be doubly welcome even were it not for its intrinsic merits. Messrs. Sweet and Knox have in this book most successfully managed the difficult task of making every line, barring the statistics, of a 572 page book interesting, to say nothing of the delicious humor which shines through everywhere. The haps and mishaps of the doctor and his companion are given in a way which would make Cerberus laugh. The old moss-backs who are just as prevalent and just as much of a nuisance in Texas as elsewhere are faithfully described, as is also that peculiar institution, which, though found in other States, does in Texas most congregate—the Englishman, who is dissatisfied with the soil, the climate, the inhabitants, and in a word, with everything else in the Lone Star State, and is continually expressing said dissatisfaction. The specimens of the citizens of our sister Republic are given a prominent place, though not a very complimentary one. In common with most of those acquainted with the Spanish-American the authors rather despise him. But by far the most comical if not the best things in the book are the savings and doings of the "Reporter" and his adventures with the "Alamo Rifles." afford a constant food for laughter. The interview which the warlike newsgatherer held with himself is especially good. Naturally something complimentary to Texas is put in on every possible occasion, indeed it would be hard to find a Texan who could restrain himself from doing so, but the authors mercifessly ridicule some of the pet institutions, nevertheless. The book is bound in an extremely handsome yellow with a picture of a pair of sturdy mustangs on the cover. The illustrations are very numerous and are usually good. There are a number of full-page engravings and many more wood cuts.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER'S MAGAZINE.

It is astonishing that the enterprising trade missionaries, commonly called drummers, have not been supplied with an "organ," when other guilds and walks are well-supplied with papers and magazines representing their interests. This long-felt want is now filled, apparently, as well filled, by the starting of a handsome and illustraied *Commercial Traveler's Magazine*, in New Kork. The matter is light and amusing, but not written with any too much skill, as for example, "The Romance of a Raid," is a re-vamping of an English story of the Peninsular war, with a clumsy attempt to localize it.

THE CONTINENT.

No paper has achieved anything like the success in so short a time as *Our Continent*, and none ever earned this success by higher and more conscientious endeavor. To-day it is emphatically one of the leading periodicals in the world, both in literary matter, and excellence of illustrations.

HARPER'S.

The September number of this very popular monthly contains: "The Night's Plutonian Shore," Frontispiece; "Dalecarlia I," by F. D. Millet; "Prisoners!" Part I, by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; "An Unpublished Chapter of Hawaiian History," by J. F. B. Marshall; "The Catskills," by Lucy C. Lillie; "Paul Potter," by E. Mason, "On the Beach," A Poem by S. S. Conant; "Haunts of the Swamp Fox," by P. D. Hay; "Recent Building in New York," by Montgomery Schuyler; "A Castle in Spain," A Novel. Part V.; "The Question." A Poem by Herbert E. Clarke; "The Government of Cities in the State of New York," by William R. Grace; "Why." A Poem by Nora Perry; "The Genesis of the Rip Van Winkle Legend," by John B. Thompson; "A Silhouette." A Story, by Rebecca Harding Davis.

THE SKETCH BOOK.

The September number of this charming collection of artistic studies is quite as delightful as its predecessors, which is saying very much. Nothing has been attempted West of the Alleganies so full of original merit as this is. It reflects much credit upon the artistic atmosphere of Cleveland.

BLACKWOOD'S.

The contents of *Blackwood's Magazine* for July (reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York) are: "The Great Ethiopean Trap;" "The Millionaire;" "The Rinaldo of the Torquato Tasso;" "Three Days With Juvenile Offenders in France;" "Red Hot Reform;" "The Little World: A Story of Japan;" "A Sketch from South Warwickshire;" Lord Ripon's "Small Measure;" "The Dyspeptic Ministry."

BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The contents of the *British Quarterly Review* for July (republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York) are: "The Relation of Drugs to Medicine;" "The Religion of the Paris Ouvrier;" "The Classification of Ideas;" "The Tao Teh King;" "The Discovery of Pittom-Socotra;" John Richard Green;" "Some Characteristics of Mr. Green's History;" "The Liberation Society;" "Political Survey of the Quarter;" "Contemporary Literature."

THE SEASON.

The Season for September gives its readers two colored fashion plates and much information about Autumn styles, besides two historical costume pictures, 135 illustrations of dress and needlework, 10 flat paper patterns, 18 embroidery designs and one alphabet in cross-stitch.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

The contents of the August number of this old and popular monthly are: "The Wizard's Sons," by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Pulse of English Art in 1839," "Irish Local Government," "Rancho Life in the Far West," "Two Turkish Islands To-day," "Francis Garnier," "On Some Recent Theatrical Criticisms," "Fortune's Fool," by Julian Hawthorne; Review of the Week. Published by MacMillan & Co., New York and London.

THE ATLANTIC.

The September number of *The Atlantic* fully comes up to the high standard of the magazine. It contains "A Roman Singer, V.," by F. Marion Crawford; "En Province, III.," by Henry James; "King's Chapel," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Our Nominating Machines," by George Walton Green; "Poets and Birds: A Criticism," by Harriet C. W. Stanton; "Newport, VI., VII.," by George Parsons Lathrop; "Glints in Auld Reekie," by H. H.; "Chrysalides," by A. S.; "Annexed by the Tsar," by Mrs. O. Stoddard; "Along an Inland Beach," by Edith M. Thomas; "Merimee in his Letters," by Maria Louise Henry; "Character in Feathers," by Crawford Torrey; "Lily of Strath-Farrar," by William Parsons; "The Civil War in America;" "Mark Twain's Life on the Mississippi;" "The Spanish Peninsula in Travel;" "Two Journalists."

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for September begins with a clear exposition of "The Germ-Theory of Disease," by Dr. H. Gradle. Dr. Felix L. Oswald continues his pungent prescriptions and recommendations of "The Remedies of Nature" with a paper on "Asthma," and its treatment. "Fire-proof Building Construction" Mr. William Ward describes and recommends a system of building with iron and beton without wood. "Insanity," by one who has been insane, is a picture, from the inside. Mr. E. T. Merrick presents a view of "Our Marriage and Divorse Laws," especially as relates to conditions in the Southern States. In "How the Earth was Peopled," by the Marquis de Saporta, the eminent French botanist and paleontologist, discussing the origin and antiquity of man, attempts to show in what way and by what means the human race became scattered over all the continents at the very earliest stages of its existence. In "Insects and Disease" Prof. A. F. A. King charges musketos with being the most active and efficient agents in the dissemination of malarial poison. Several other articles, such as "The Chemistry of Cookery," "Agricultural Experiment Stations," "Ways of Preserving Food," and "Primitive Map-Making," are of practical or special interest. The editor vigorously sustains Mr. Adams in his attack on "The Dead-Language Superstition." The late Sir William Logan, of the Canadian Geological Survey, is the subject of a biographical sketch, "which is accompanied by the usual portrait.

Humor.

Meeting of the Langtrys.

Graphic.

"Pray do not ruffle my collar," said Mrs. Langtry two minutes after she had met Mr. Langtry. "You are too boisterous. Remember, my dear, this is not what the Americans call 'business.' One would think from your affectionate demonstrations that we had been separated a century."

"I beg your pardon, my dear," said Mr. Langtry, hastily removing himself to an obscure corner. "We will be sedate if that suits you better. Let us talk what the Americans call 'business.' How did you leave the gentleman whom the American papers call Johnnie, or rather Tommy —or perhaps—well, never mind; you know him doubtless."

"The dearest, delightfulest lad you ever saw, hubby." said Mrs. Langtry, rolling her eyes and clasping her hands. "You mean Teddie. Such a pretty mustache! Such elegant dress! Such fine horses! And he was so devoted — you could scarcely believe it."

"H'm!" coughed Mr. Langtry. "I think I can. You look so pretty that I should like to kiss you myself. But that's acting, and that's not business, of course. To recur to the more important matter of business, how much is he worth, my dear?"

"Hubby, you distress me. There are friendships that are purely unselfish. I may say they are Platonic and that sort of thing. Permit me to retire that I may shed a few Platonic tears."

"Not now," said Mr. Langtry, drawing the beautiful and tender-hearted thing down to his level, previously arranging a separate chair for the purpose. "Don't give way, I beg of you. I don't want to touch those finer feelings and produce a gush. I hate a scene as much as you do, and the watering cart goes by the door every day. I subscribe, by the way, my full share of the unavoidable expense of it. Now, then, my dear!"

"At least allow me to apply my handkerchief to my eyes a moment. There is no onion in it, hubby. I will be frank. This is business, too—it is the business of my ardent nature. Oh, Teddie—Teddie!"

"Come now!" suddenly interrupted Mr. Langtry. "Business is business. How much is he worth?"

"I won't tell you," was the angry reply. "You ugly creature! You're the sordidest man I ever heard of. Here I've been roaming the high seas and the other continents for your sake all this time, suffering and toiling and slaving and working my fingers to the bone, and all you can say on my return has to do with the amount of filthy lucre I have accumulated. Just as if the soul had not been wrapped up in it. Just as if the heart had not been agitated. Just as if art were a thing of no consideration except for the money it brings. Is it for this that I am a great actress? Oh, merciful heaven, that I should live to see this day! I've a notion to scratch your eyes out."

"That's acting," said Mr. Langtry, calmly extending his right hand, the palm upward. "Let us proceed to business. How much?"

"He was so sweet!" said the sorrow stricken lady musingly, turning her large, tear-filled, blue-gray eyes out of doors and in the direction of the surrounding shrubbery and the newly cut hay. "And he followed me everywhere. He was my constant attendant. When I awoke in the morning there was Freddie in the outer room. When I retired at night it was to dream of Freddie, who had just adjourned to his own apartment. His horses were mine. His boats were mine. His servants were mine. His dinners were mine and they were usually delicious, though I must say I do not admire American cookery in every respect. His heart was mine. He was all mine, was Teddie. Oh, Teddie—Teddie!"

"How much?" again inquired Mr. Langtry in a slightly louder voice, a dangerous gleam in his eye, and his palm extended still further in her direction. "Business, Mrs. Langtry, business!"

"You needn't be in such a deuced hurry!" was the quick reply of the lady. "What's the use of getting agitated like that? I should like to have my weep out and do things decently and in order."

There was another flash in the threatening eyes, and the extended palm came still nearer.

"Anybody might conquer me now," suddenly said the lady, sinking back, turning pale, brushing away her tears, and assuming a look as of one entirely engrossed in mathematics. "I reckon that on the whole he panned out—. But never mind about details, Hubby. The gross sum is, I take it, about £25,000. May I inquire how that is for high?"

"My darling," said the happy man, folding her to his breast. "Truly I may remark that that is business. You seem, if I may use another American expression, to have 'whooped 'er up lively,' Pardon me if I am prolix."

There was a long pause, during which the honeysuckles outside were moved by the passing breeze and the voice of a stray lamb came softly into the window mingled with the perfume of a few June roses that had accidentally been left over.

A Self-Made Man.

People who say they are "self-made" had better be careful how they speak of their early days. A "popular candidate" came to awful grief the other day while soliciting the suffrages of his own class.

"Feller citizens," said he, "I'm a hard-fisted son of toil. I'm a bricklayer by trade, and not a bit ashamed of it. No, sir, I wasn't born with a silver spoon in my mouth, or cradled in the lap of luxury. I'm a self made man, gentlemen."

"You'd better have let out the job," remarked a voice in the rear of the hall.

He scorned to notice the interruption, but proceeded:—

"Yes, feller-citizens, I'm proud of having risen by honest industry, proud of appearin' to solicit your suffrage as a true representative of labor; as one who has contributed to build up his community by the sweat of his brow and the work of his hands. (Applause.) As I was saying, I'm a bricklayer by trade. I've worked to raise more than half the palatial mansions, magnificent commercial structures, and heaven-pointing spires which beautify and adorn our town. (Great enthusiasm.) And here gentlemen, are the identical tools with which I have carved out my way to prosperity."

Here the orator examined a trowel and hammer, amid deafening plaudits.

"Pass 'em this way," said an excited listener, evidently belonging to to the working class; "let me gaze on them relics."

The tools were handed to him, and he scrutinized them with deep interest.

"You say you work as a bricklayer?" said he, turning sharply to the orator.

"Yes."

"And with them tools?"

"Yes, sir; those are very tools I bought when I made my first start as a journeyman. To them I owe all my prosperity."

"Well, then, I must say you deserve great credit. So does any man who could lay bricks with such weapons. Gentlemen," turning to the audience; "just look at 'em. It's a gardener's trowel and a carpenter's hammer!"

Tableau!

There, When the Time Came.

Brooklyn Eagle.

One day last week three funerals arrived at the gate at Greenwood Cemetery simultaneously. As the mourning carriages drew along side of each other the occupants of two began to scream and sob as though their hearts would break. Shrieks rent the air, and exclamations of grief echoed from under the great stone arch of the gateway.

"Are you going to be outdone by those two widows?" indignantly demanded a friend of the third, who had preserved a marked and marvelous silence.

"Think I'm going to bawl myself hoarse and have nothing left for the grave?" was the angry rejoinder. "Let them have it out now, and by and by, when they are so done out they can't whisper, I'll peal out in a fashion that'll make 'em think they never heard a funeral before.'

And recognizing the deep sagacity of the level-headed bereaved the friend smiled encouragement, and was rewarded by seeing the other two mourners knocked out in the first round when all three arrived at the grave side.

A Pair of Legs That Could be Depended On.

Denver Tribune.

During his stay in Denver Dave Day endeavored to entertain a number of Eastern friends who had come to participate in the Grand Army reunion. He went to Col. Dave Gage, at the St. James, and begged him to devote a large room to the purpose of affording the Missouri visitors sleeping quarters.

"You can bet your life, Dave," said Col. Gage, warmly, "that your friends shall be attended to. No Rebel soldier shall be turned away from my door. Why, Dave, I lost a leg in the Rebel army myself. Bring your friends right up here, and we'll organize Jeff Davis Post, No. 1, in the front parlor."

"Col. Gage," said Mr. Day, sternly, "you seriously misunderstand me. It is true, I was a Confederate soldier myself, but these friends of mine wore the blue, and battled with patriotic valor for the dear old flag."

"Very well, very well," said Col. Gage, smilingly, patting Mr. Day on the back; "jess so, jess so. Bring them right along, and I'll take good care of them. I lost my other leg in the Union army, you know."

Poker in Thompson Street.

From Life.

It was a poker party in Thompson street, and a big jack pot had been opened. There were evidently big hands out and the bets and excitement ran high. "Looker hyer, Gus, whuffer yo rise dat pot?" exclaimed Mr. Tooter Williams. "Nebber yo mind—yo call, ef yo isn't afraid—yes, yo call—dat's all!" retorted Gus sullenly. "I won't call! I rise yo back," said Mr. Williams, whose vertebræ were ascending. "I rise you agin," retorted Gus.

And so they went at each other until chips, money and collateral were gone. Mr. Williams concluded to call.

"What yo got, nigger, dat yo do all dat risin on? What you got, nohow?"

Gus laid down his hand—ace, king, queen, jack and ten of clubs. "Is dat good?" he inquired, beginning to size up the pot.

"No, dat's no good!" said Mr. Williams, reaching down in his bootleg.

"What yo got den?" queried Gus.

Mr. Williams looked at him fixedly.

"Ise jes got two jacks an' a razzer."

"Dat's good," said Gus.

The Browns Ahead.

Wall Street News.

She was complaining about the Browns. She said that Mrs. Brown was shoddy, vulgar and illiterate, and the young women were silly, impudent, and putting on altogether too many airs.

"They should be crushed," said Mrs. Foggs.

"Indeed they should," added Mrs. Scruggs.

"And we shall crush them," continued the first. "Brown is in the pickle trade."

"Aha!" from two voices.

"We three will form a syndicate to purchase all the cucumbers in the country."

"We will!" in chorus.

"We'll force up prices, bust Brown, and crowd his family back where it belongs."

"Splendid! Splendid!"

"And we will—but hold on! Alas! we are undone. Come to think of it, Brown doesn't use the real cucumber in his trade, but has 'em made to order out of gutta-percha. Ladies, we cannot compete with machinery. Let us be satisfied with snubbing the Browns."

"Santer."

Arkansas Traveler.

A young minister, who succeeded an old worker in the promulgation of the gospel to the people of a "wild and wholly" section of Arkansas, approached the old brother and asked:

"What kind of people am I likely to meet?"

"All kinds."

"Any rough characters?"

"Some of them are pretty rough."

"Suppose they insult me, what must I do?"

"Sorter santer off as though your business called you away."

"Suppose they follow me?"

"Santer a little faster."

"Suppose they chase me?"

"Then santer like the deuce."

"And if they catch me, what then?"

"In that case I reckon you'd better wait till they get through with you, and then if you are able you'd better santer."

It Depended.

Wall Street News.

"How long did you intend to remain?" asked the clerk, as a Chicago man registered at a Summer resort hotel.

"That's indefinite," was the reply.

"Because, if you were going to stay for a couple of weeks I'd put you in the new rooms in the west wing, overlooking the lake."

"Yes—ahem—yes," mused the guest as he looked greatly puzzled. "You see, I'm in a pork deal. If pork stays where she is I can remain here three or four weeks and get away without leaving my trunks as security, but if pork goes down I—"

"You can't remain over a week or two."

"Just about two hours, sir, and you'll have to accept of trade dollars and Canada bills to square up at that! Guess you'd better give us a room in the top story with four

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are certain classes of questions which we cannot undertake to answer, viz.:

1. Those not accompanied by the name of the writer. The name is not required for publication but only as an evidence of good faith. All letters not complying with this rule find their way at once to the waste basket.

2. Mathematical problems and questions in grammatical correction. We are willing to give all our readers an opportunity to ask and answer the former, but we have not the type necessary for publishing algebraic problems and solutions.

3. Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not appropriate or proper in the columns of the BLADE. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed to exercise his discretion in making selections calculated to promote the general interest.

4. Inquiries as to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endorsements is too valuable to be lightly bestowed indiscriminately, and it is not always possible for us to devote the time necessary to ascertain the standing of an individual or a firm located in a distant part of the country.

Correspondents whose inquiries are not answered within a reasonable time would do well to repeat them. If they still fail to receive an answer they are asked to believe that the questions remain unanswered for good and sufficient reasons.

We must request that subscribers will keep all communications for the business and editorial departments of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct, always upon separate leaves. Communications for this department should never be written on the same sheet as letters containing subscriptions or orders for books. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondents Department."

J. J., Elm Grass, Ill.:

If a person should purchase books of Lee & Shepard, and dispose of them by advertising through the columns of several newspapers, would they be subject to fine and imprisonment?

No.

F. J., Central City, Ill.:

Can private property be taken by a corporation for the construction of mills and manufactories?

It has been so decided in several of the States. Of course adequate compensation must be made to those from whom the property is taken.

M. O. C., Nettleton, Mo.:

1. How many times was R. B. Hayes elected Governor of Ohio? 2. Give the candidates and majority each time.

1. Three times. 2. 1867—Hayes, 249.6 5; Thurman, 240,632; 1869—Hayes, 280,081; Pendleton, 257,580; Scott, 679; 1875—Hayes, 276,817; Allen, 262,653; Odell, 2,556; scattering, 17.

A. C. W., Beaver City, Ind.:

What are the Winter months in the Southern hemisphere?

June, July and August, according the American method, which takes as the central month that in which the sun passes the solstice, and July, August and September, according to the English method, which reckons from the month next following that passed.

A. L. K., Edgeville, Ind.:

1. Is the Oklahoma land in Indian Territory occupied by any tribe of Indians? 2. Was it set apart by act of Congress or otherwise for the negros? 3. Is a contract with the chief council of any Indian tribe in the Territory binding on their part, as to the leasing or renting of land for grazing purposes?

1. It is unassigned, but is included in Indian Territory. 2. No. 3. Not unless approved by the Secretary of the Interior.

Mary, Bear Lake, Pa.:

Is there any way by which wooden objects may be petrified?

Take equal quantities of gem-salt, rock-alum, white vinegar, chalk and pebbles powdered. Mix all these ingredients; ebullition will follow. After it has ceased, throw the wooden objects into the liquid, and let them soak for four or five days, at the end of which time they will be transformed into petrifactions.

J. C., Flat, Kans.:

Is there any law or ruling of the Postoffice Department exempting Postmasters from working the public highway?

We find the following in the Postal Guide: "Postmasters and their assistants are not exempt from road duty. Should a Postmaster and his assistant be both summoned at the same time for road duty, the Postmaster should have a temporary assistant sworn in to take charge of the postoffice during their absence." There may be a later ruling than this, but if so we have not seen it.

S. G. M., Cressy's Corners, Mich.:

Please tell me how to prepare "sportsman's beef."

Take a fine round of beef, four ounces saltpetre, three-fourths ounce allspice, rub it well on the beef, and let it stand 24 hours; then rub in as much common salt as will salt it. Lay it by 12 days, turning it every day; then put it into a pan, such as large pies are baked in, with three or four pounds beef suet, some under, some over. Cover it with a thick crust, and bake it for six hours. It will keep for two months, and is excellent.

W. F., Hawarden, Iowa:

What studies would a person with a good common school education have to study in order to become a civil engineer?

The education of those who would rise to eminence in the profession must embrace a fair knowledge of pure mathematics and of the mixed sciences of natural philosophy, such as mechanics, hydrostatics, hydraulics and optics. They should acquire a knowledge of the principles of projections, and should aim at being good draughtsmen and rapid and accurate arithmeticians.

M. W., Howesburg, Ky.:

Please give a brief sketch of the life of General William North, of Revolutionary fame.

He was a Captain in Jackson's regiment at the battle of Monmouth; became aid to Baron Steuben in 1779, assisting him in introducing his system of discipline into the army; accompanied him in Virginia, and at the surrender of Cornwallis; Steuben bequeathed him one-half his property. He was Adjutant and Inspector General of the United States Army, with rank of Brigadier-General, from July 19, 1798, to June, 800. Gen. North was a conspicuous Federalist; was once Speaker of the New York Assembly, one of the first Canal Commissioners in the State, and United States Senator in 1798. He died in New York, January 3, 1836.

F. R., Buckstone, Pa.:

How and when are gooseberries propagated? What soil is best adapted to their growth?

The gooseberry may be propagated by all the modes applicable to trees or shrubs; but that by cuttings is usually adopted for continuing varieties; and that by seed for procuring them. The cuttings should be taken from promising shoots just before the leaves begin to fall in the autumn; the greatest part of the buds should be taken off, leaving only two or three buds on the top. Cut them at such length, as the strength and ripeness of the wood will bear, and plant them in good pulverized soil. On the approach of Winter, lay some moss or litter around them; and, by being well cultivated, they will be fit to transplant when they are a year old. Those who may have a choice of soil and site, should fix on a good, rich, loamy earth, and plant some of the choice kinds in a northern and eastern aspect, to come late in succession.

J. J. M., Florence, Ill.:

What led to the "Ostend manifesto," who issued it, and what was its purpose?

When one of our vessels, the Black Warrior, was fired into by a Spanish war steamer on the coast of Cuba, Pres. Pierce thought the opportunity had arrived for settling all difficulties at once by a proposal to purchase the island of Cuba at a price which would enable Spain to extricate herself from her financial embarrassments. This negotiation was confided to Mr. Soule, then our Minister to the Court of Madrid, but the President thought it advisable that our Ministers to England and France (Messrs. Buchanan and Mason) should act in concert with Mr. Soule. These gentlemen met at Ostend, but afterward adjourned to Aix-la-Chapelle. They set forth the importance of Cuba to the United States, and reasoned that the instinct of self-preservation would warrant our Government, in case Spain refused to sell Cuba, in wresting the island from that Government by force of arms.

Jessie, New Albin, Iowa:

1. When, and by whom, was arithmetic invented? 2. What is the correct pronunciation of Pope-u-gal, or Port-chew-gal? 3. What Popes of Rome lived in France, and when and where? 4. How did the Rosetta Stone show the way to read the Egyptian hieroglyphics?

1. It is not known with certainty when first invented. It was brought from Egypt into Greece by Thales, about 600 B. C. The oldest treatise upon arithmetic is by Euclid, about 300 B. C. The theory of decimal fractions was perfected by Lord Napier in 1617. 2. Port-co-gal. 3. In 1309 Pope Clement established himself at Avignon, and all the Popes from Clement V. to Gregory XI. made their residence there. The last named Pope restored the Papal See to Rome, but from 1378 to 1418 several of the rival Popes resided in Avignon. 4. The stone had inscriptions in hieroglyphics, in demotic and in Greek. By these a text was discovered, of which the Greek version stated that it was an assumption of divine honors to one of the Ptolemies, and that the hieroglyphic and demotic versions were transcriptions of the Greek text.

E. R., (no postoffice):

Please give a brief account of the explosion of the gun "Peacemaker." Also give names of Cabinet officials killed. I can find no account of it in history.

February 28, 1844, the "Peacemaker," a large cannon which was being tried on board the United States steamship Princeton, lying in the Potomac River, exploded, killing the Secretary of State, A. P. Upshur, and the Secretary of the Navy, T. W. Gilmer. Twenty persons in all were injured.

John, Centralia, Iowa:

Please tell me what will prevent and also cure chapped hands.

Wash the hands with fine soap, and before removing the soap scrub the hands with a tablespoonful of Indian meal, rinsing thoroughly with soft tepid water, using a little meal each time except the last; wipe the hands perfectly dry; then rinse them in a very little water containing a tea-spoonful of pure glycerine, rubbing the hands together till the water has evaporated. The glycerine must be pure, or it will irritate instead of healing.

J. F. J., Lake Amelia, Minn.:

What was the cutty stool, by whom and for what purpose used?

It was the stool of repentance formerly employed in the Scottish Kirk for offenders against the law of chastity. The criminal, having been deprived of church ordinances, and duly taken to task privately for his or her offense, was required to make a public acknowledgment of the sin prior to being restored to communion. The penance consisted in occupying the stool in face of the congregation, and being lectured by the minister. Sometimes the offender was clad in a white sheet, the stool being black, and placed conspicuously in an upper gallery.

R. B. D., Valley View, Pa.:

1. Is there a law to punish a person for working on any day except Sunday in the United States? 2. Is it supposed that any of the planets except the earth are inhabited? 3. What does the Government allow for a trade dollar? Where can they be exchanged? 4. What is the best proof to convince a man that the earth revolves on its axis?

1. No. 2. Yes. 3. The Government is not redeeming trade dollars now. They are worth about 80 cents as old silver at the mints. 4. By the phenomenon called the aberration of light, which affects every star in the heavens, and is at once explained on the hypothesis of the earth's motion; while it remains absolutely without explanation, and even without the possibility of explanation, if the earth be regarded as at rest.

M. C., Central Grove, Miss.:

Where does the butter tree grow? What are its characteristics?

It is found in India and Africa. The Indian tree grows wild, the trunk often measuring 50 feet in light and five or six feet in circumference, with broad oval leaves, large pale yellow blossoms, and pulpy fruit about the size of a pigeon's egg, containing two or three brown seeds. The fat expressed from the seeds is of the consistency of lard, is white, will keep for months, and is used as a substitute for animal butter, and medicinally for rheumatism and contraction of the limbs. The African butter plant grows naturally in great abundance in the equatorial parts of Africa. The fruit resembles the Spanish olive, and from the kernel, dried in the sun and then boiled in water, is extracted a sweet, white, firm butter, which will keep for a year without salting.

Dan. Darwin, Iowa:

Please describe the game known as "curling," and tell how it is played.

It is a favorite Scottish game, played on the ice with large spherical stones, flattened so that their length shall be equal to twice their thickness. They are carefully selected, so that they shall not be liable to break, have their under side polished, and vary in weight from 30 to 45 pounds. They have handles of wood or iron by which they are impelled over the ice. The path in which the stones move is called the "rink," and may be from 30 to 70 yards long, and eight or nine feet in breadth. At each end of the rink a mark or hole is made in the ice called the "tee." The players are divided into two parties, and each person endeavors either to leave his own stone as near the tee as possible, or to remove those of the opposite party, or to guard those of his own side. When all have played, the one nearest the tee counts one, and the second, third, etc., if of the same side, count each one more. The side which first scores 31 wins.

Inquirer, Crookston, Minn:

1. By whom are the members of the County, State, and National Committees appointed? 2. What is the basis of representation in the National Convention of the Republican party? Is it the same in the Democratic party? 3. How many and what ways can a President be elected? 4. What is the process of an amendment to the Constitution?

1. By the respective Conventions. 2. Twice the number of Senators and Representatives in Congress and two delegates from each organized Territory and District of Columbia. The Democrats do not recognize the Districts or the Territories. 3. By the Electoral College, by the House if there is no election by the College, by Congress in case of the death, resignation or inability both by the President and Vice President. 4. By a two-thirds vote Congress may propose amendments, or on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States shall call a Convention for proposing amendments, which in either case will be valid when ratified by the Legislature of three-fourths of the several States, or by Conventions in three-fourths thereof, as may be proposed by Congress.

A. A., Queen City, Mo.:

1. What Indian tribes occupy Indian Territory? 2. Which of them are most civilized? 3. What is their government? 4. To what extent is agriculture carried on? 5. How did they come into possession of the Territory? 6. What is their condition with regard to schools and churches?

1. Besides a considerable portion still unassigned, the Territory contains 17 reservations—Cherokees, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Seminoles, Pottawattamies, Shawnees, Osages, Kaws, Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Quapaws, Peorias, and Wichitas. Other bands occupy the Territory, but have no reservation. 2. Cherokees, Choctaws and Creeks. 3. There are 11 Indian Agencies, for each of which an Agent is appointed by the President, but each tribe has its own internal government. The jurisdiction of the United States Courts for the Western District of Arkansas extends over the Territory in civil actions where a white man is a party. 4. There are over 300,000 acres of land under cultivation, and the value of live stock amounts to at least $10,000,000. 5. It was set apart by Congress for their occupancy in 1834. 6. They have 155 schools and 225 teachers. Nearly all denominations have missions, and the church membership is about 10,000. Several newspapers are published in the Territory, and they have 28 postoffices.

C. C., Pomoner, Cal.:

1. Will you please inform me how to grow the pineapple and banana? 2. Can you give any rule by which fruit can be tested in the store so that the purchaser may know whether he is getting a good or poor article? 3. Please give a brief description of the country along the Panama Canal. Why is it so extremely unhealthy there, when the distance is so short from ocean to ocean?

1. The pineapple is generally cultivated in hot-houses. When planted in beds, the soil should be a rich and rather sandy loam. It is often formed from the turf of old pastures, with dung, peat, sand, etc., thoroughly mixed. Ventilation must be freely allowed from time to time, but care must be taken to keep the atmosphere moist. Fruit is sometimes obtained in 15 months. Great care is requisite in its cultivation in order to obtain good fruit. The cutting or shoot of the banana requires deep, rich earth and much moisture to grow in perfection. At the end of nine months a deep purple bud appears in the center of the leaves. The female flowers come first on the stem, and nearer the end are the smaller male flowers; both are full of good honey. Three or four months are required to ripen the fruit, and during the process the rows of male flowers have withered and dropped away. From the base of the withering plant spring up offshoots, which may be transplanted, and if the stem is cut down as soon as the fruit is gathered the rootstock sends up new leaves, and a second plant matures much sooner than do the offshoots. The popular names banana and plantain are often confounded, the latter being applied to the cooking varieties. 2. Wheat raised on different soils is composed of varying constituents. The amount of gluten or adhesive matter is much greater in some wheat than in others. Where the proportion of this element is large, a sweeter and more nutritious, but not so snowy-white an article of bread can be made from it. The flour made from such wheat is of a pale cream color, and, for making into light bread, requires a longer time in fermentation, and should remain a little longer in the oven. In judging of flour, if, upon opening the barrel or sack, the color is, as above described, not perfectly white, but of a very pale straw or cream color, and a little of it when compressed in the hand retains the stamp of the fingers, and does not fall immediately apart, you have a sweet and nutritious article. If it also passes the tests of smell and taste, you may, with application of proper skill, be sure of good bread. 3. We have heretofore given a full description of Panama. On the flanks of the mountains and in the interior the climate is not considered particularly unhealthy. The Isthmus is traversed throughout by a chain of mountains, of which the highest peak is that of Picacho, 7,300 feet.

Reader, Ringgold, La.:

Will you kindly publish the particulars of the effort of Citizen Genet to enlist an army for the invasion of Louisiana?

It was in 1793. The President had issued a proclamation of neutrality, but the French Government, not doubting that the American Republic would make common cause with France, provided Genet with blank commissions, which were to be filled up for those officers who would join the army. Genet obtained the consent of George Roger Clark to command the expedition as "a Major-General in the Armies of France, and Commander-in Chief of the Revolutionary Legions on the Mississippi." He met with hearty sympathy from a small number of prominent politicians, including Jefferson, Gov. Mifflin and Chief Justice McKean, of Pennsylvania. In Philadelphia, a "Democratic Society," in imitation of the famous clubs of Paris, was formed. Fresh from this source of inspiration, the zealous agents of Genet repaired to the Western country to spread the new democracy. A society was organized in Lexington, and Kentucky was soon filled with enthusiasm for the French cause. Pres. Washington early advised Govs. St. Clair and Shelby of the projected movement, and communicated to them the names of the agents dispatched from Philadelphia by the French Minister to put his plans into execution. These men found no such sympathy north as south of the Ohio. Gov. St. Clair promptly issued a proclamation, warning citizens not to have anything to do with the expedition. Gov. Shelby took no public recognition of the communication. In the same paper in which was published Gov. St. Clair's proclamation, appeared the call of Gen. Clark for recruits, but the latter was careful to keep beyond the official reach of the Governor. Quite a number of venturesome characters crossed the river and joined the French army, which, however, was destined never to draw Spanish blood. In the following year the President issued a proclamation warning the officers of their peril in enlisting men to make war on a nation with which the United States were at peace; and soon afterward instructed Gen. Wayne to send "a detachment to take post at Fort Massac, and to erect a strong redoubt and block house, with some suitable cannon from Fort Washington." Congress passed an act covering violations of neutrality, and discouraged by such obstacles, Genet abandoned the projected invasion of Spanish territory. Out of this attempt of the French Minister to violate the neutrality of the United States, grew the most violent party divisions, and Washington was denounced in unmeasured terms in some quarters.

C. N., Hastings, O.:

Will you please give a list of English sovereigns, showing when and how long they reigned?

Beginning with Alfred and continuing to the present time, the list is as follows:

	Began to Reign.	Years of Reign.
ANGLO-SAXON LINE.		
Alfred, King of Wessex	871	30
Edward I., King of Wessex, Mercia, &c.	901	24
Athelstan, King of England	925	15
Edmund I.	940	6
Edred	946	9
Edwy	955	4
Edgar	959	16
Edward II.	975	3
Ethelred	978	38
Edmund II	1016	1
DANISH LINE.		
Canute	1017	19
Harold I.	1036	3
Hardicanute	1039	2
SAXON LINE.		
Edward III.	1041	25
Harold II.	1066	..
NORMAN LINE.		
William I.	1066	21
William II.	1087	13
Henry I.	1100	35
HOUSE OF BLOIS.		
Stephen	1135	19
PLANTAGENET LINE.		
Henry II.	1154	35
Richard I.	1189	10
John	1199	17
Henry III.	1216	56
Edward I.	1272	35
Edward II.	1307	20
Edward III.	1327	50
Richard III.	1377	22
HOUSE OF LANCASTER.		
Henry IV.	1399	14
Henry V.	1413	9
Henry VI.	1422	39
HOUSE OF YORK.		
Edward IV.	1461	22
Edward V.	1483	..
Richard III.	1483	2
HOUSE OF TUDOR.		
Henry VII.	1485	24
Henry VIII.	1509	38
Edward VI.	1547	6
Mary	1553	5
Elizabeth	1558	45
STUART LINE.		
James I.	1603	22
Charles I.	1625	24
Commonwealth	1649	10
STUART LINE.		
Charles II.	1660	25
James II.	1685	3
HOUSE OF ORANGE.		
William and Mary	1688	14
STUART LINE.		
Anne	1702	12
BRUNSWICK LINE.		
George I.	1714	13
George II.	1727	33
George III	1760	60
George IV	1820	10
William IV	1830	7
Victoria	1837	..

D. G. N., Hannibal, Mo.:

In what year was the Spanish armada sent out to conquer England? Please give some account of the expedition, and its result.

The fleet sailed from Lisbon May 29, 1588. It consisted of 129 vessels, and carried 19,295 soldiers, 8,460 sailors, besides slaves as rowers, and 2,431 cannon. Their destination was the coast of Flanders, where Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, was lying with about 25,000 men and a flotilla of boats. This force was to be landed on the Isle of Thanet at the mouth of the Thames, under the protection of the armada, which would be able to keep the channel perfectly clear. The fleet had scarcely sailed from Lisbon when it was overtaken by a severe storm, which shattered several of the ships, compelled them all to put in for repairs at Corunna, and it was the 23d of July before they finally sailed from Spain. England had taken prompt measures to meet the invaders. The royal navy, consisting of about 30 ships, was increased by the addition of merchantmen and privateers to about 180 vessels. These carried about 18,000 sailors, but they had not half the weight of the Spanish artillery, and they were scantily supplied with ammunition and provisions. The Earl of Leicester with 16,000 men took post at Tilbury to oppose the landing of Parma, and about 45,000 troops assembled round the Queen to protect her person. July 29 the fleet entered the channel. The English ships, light and admirably handled, succeeded in inflicting great injury without coming to a general engagement. The Spanish guns were worked slowly, and generally sent the shot far over the English vessels. After more than a week of this style of fighting, the English resolved to drive the Spanish fleet out into the open sea by means of fire-ships. Eight ships were selected and filled with combustibles, their rigging was smeared with pitch, and on the night of the 7th of August they were drifted down with the tide and set on fire. The Spaniards, in great alarm, immediately cut their cables and cleared off from the shore. Next morning Drake pursued them, drove them into a confused mass by his rapid firing, and forced the whole towards the coast of Flanders. Had his ammunition held out he might have completed the ruin by driving them on shore; as it was, the injury inflicted by this one day's fighting was enormous. Nearly 4,000 men were killed, many ship disabled, and the Spaniards completely disheartened. The next day they held a council of war and resolved to try the perilous voyage to Spain by the North Sea and Pentland Firth rather than again face Drake and the English fleet. The shores were strewn with wrecks, and many hundreds of unfortunates who escaped from the sea were slain by the Irish. When at last, in September and October, 54 shattered vessels reached Spain, they contained only 9,000 or 10,000 men, and these were in a pitiable state from sickness and want.

Delayed Subscriptions.

[NOTE—Subscribers wishing a change in their postoffice address must, in all cases, give their FORMER as well as their PRESENT address.]

It sometimes happens that persons order the BLADE mailed to them and fail to receive after a reasonable time has elapsed. Why this is will readily be seen from the following list of persons sending money for the BLADE and failing either to sign their names or give their address:

Letter containing $2, dated at Union City, no County or State, papers ordered for G. Hixson and Mrs. L. Miller.

Letter containing $1, no name or address.

Letter containing $1, dated at Sonora, no County or State, signed Thos. Ainsley.

Letter containing $1, dated at Hancock, no County or State, signed James B. Lorney.

Letter containing 25c, dated at Hartford, no County or State, signed L. S. Palmor.

If W. E. Gallant, of Ladoga, will give his full address we will comply with his request.

Letter containing $1, dated at Denison City, no County or State, signed by Geo. Knaur.

Letter containing $1, dated at Coopersville, no County or State, signed by C. H. Francis.

Letter containing $1, no date, signed by Lysander Dennis.

Chills, fever, ague and weakness are cured by Colden't Liquid Beef Tonic. *Ask for Colden's* of druggists.

The Sunday School.

The Death of Samson.

LESSON 10, SUNDAY, SEPT. 2, 1883.

Golden Text: The God of Israel is he that giveth strength and power unto his people. —Psa. 68: 35.

LESSON TEXT.

Judges 16: 21-31.

21. But the Philistines took him and put out his eyes, and brought him down to Gaza and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house.

22. Howbeit the hair of his head began to grow again after he was shaven.

23. The lords of the Philistines gathered them together for to offer a great sacrifice unto Dagon their god, and to rejoice; for they said, Our god hath delivered Samson our enemy into our hand.

24. And when the people saw him, they praised their god; for they said, Our god hath delivered into our hands our enemy, and the destroyer of our country, which slew many of us.

25. And it came to pass, when their hearts were merry, that they said, Call for Samson that he may make us sport. And they called for Samson out of the prison house; and he made them sport; and they set him between the pillars.

26. And Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars whereupon the house standeth, that I may lean upon them.

27. Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld while Samson made sport.

28. And Samson called unto the Lord, and said, O Lord God, remember me, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee, only this once, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.

29. And Samson took hold of the two pillars upon which the house stood, and on which it was borne up, of the one with his right hand, and of the other with his left.

30. And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines. And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords and upon all the people that were therein. So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.

31. Then his brethren and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him between Zorah and Eshtaol in the burying place of Manoah his father. And he judged Israel twenty years.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

There are two sides to this lesson, a dark side and a bright side: or, it may be said, there are two lessons in this story, a lesson of warning and a lesson of encouragement. Neither side, or neither lesson, should be taken by itself, without the other. The two stand over against each other:

I. THE RESULTS OF SIN TO THE SINNER.

1. It Deprives him of Liberty (vs. 21-24.)
2. It Makes Him a Laughing-stock (v 25.)
3. It Brings him to Helplessness (vs 26, 27)

II. THE HOPE OF HELP TO THE SINNER.

1. God Must Be Turned to (v. 28.)
2. Self Must be Surrendered (vs. 29, 30.)
3. Death May Bring Victory (vs 30, 31.)

I. IT DEPRIVES HIM OF LIBERTY.

The Philistines took him, and put out his eyes, and bound him with fetters of brass; and he did grind in the prison house (v. 21.) So long as Samson battled the Philistines, he had victory over them. It was only when he put himself in their power by wrong doing, and by improper relations with them, that they gained the advantage over him. But then all his great strength, and all his early training, and all his commanding position above his fellows, went for naught. He became a captive. His eyes were put out. He was in chains. He was set to the lowest work of a slave. And any man who is not stronger than Samson, and whose parents were not goddlier than the good father and mother of Samson, and who doesn't now stand higher than the foremost among the people of his land, ought to understand that if he dallies with the Philistines, or makes terms with him for his own interest or pleasure, he is sure to become their prisoner, and at last, in blindness and chains, to grind in their prison houses. In sinning there is a certain bondage. Only Christ's service is their sure liberty.

2. IT MAKES HIM A LAUGHING-STOCK.

When the hearts were merry, they said, Call for Samson, that he may make us sport; and he made them sport (v. 25.) It delights the godless to see one who has been a giant in the Lord's service, a chained prisoner, groping in blindness, as a cost of his sinning. He who has fallen from a high estate through transgression, is not always sure of sympathy, or even of pity from his fellows; but he is always sure of ridicule and scoffs in his degradation. And the higher the place once held by the lords and ladies of the right, the more the wicked will rejoice at his downfall. He to whom all look up with respect while he is virtuous on the side of truth, will find none too low to join in making him a laughing-stock, if he consents to surrender his moral vantage ground. And it is the same with little folks as with larger ones. The boy who will consent to smoke, or to drink, or to use vile speech, or to fight, "like all the other fellows," will be laughed to scorn and had in derision by the wicked whose counsel he has followed. Not every one can be as strong as Samson was in his best estate; but every one can become like Samson, a laughing stock of sinners, if he will sin as freely and as foolishly as Samson.

3. IT BRINGS HIM TO HELPLESSNESS.

Samson said unto the lad that held him by the hand, Suffer me that I may feel the pillars (v. 26.) Sinners may make sport of a fallen giant, but there is something inexpressibly pitiful in the sight of one whose strong arm the strongest were wont to feel confidence, and whose voice was an inspiration to the multitudes, now groping in helplessness, and seeking their support from the weakest. There was a brilliant lawyer who was accustomed to stand alongside of Webster and Choate and Reverdy Johnson, and the other giant lawyers of his day, in important cases before the Supreme Court at Washington. He yielded himself to the Philistines in the temptations of the social glass. He abandoned the safe drink of Samson's manhood, and he was shorn of his locks of glory. From a place like that of Samson in his leading of Israel, he became like Samson in the prison-house of Gaza. One who had known this man in his hour of pride was sitting in Willard's Hotel, when that once brilliant man shuffled into the room in tattered dress, and with the bloated blear-eyed face, of a gutter drunkard, and moved from one to another with outstretched trembling hand, piteously begging the means for another drink; asking that the weakest before him would help him to another touch of the pillars of the house of ruin in which his wretched life of hopelessness was dragging on. He who would reach the depths of Samson's fall has only to start along in Samson's path of sinning.

II. THE HOPE OF HELP TO THE SINNER.

1. GOD MUST BE TURNED TO.

Samson called unto to the Lord, and said O Lord God, remember, I pray thee, and strengthen me, I pray thee (v. 28.) God can be turned to, even in a Philistine prison house, and by a blind and wretched prisoner. And there is no hope for a sinner except in turning to God. Man can work his own ruin, but he cannot secure his own salvation. He can go down hill without divine help; but he cannot clamber back again unaided, or with any other aid than that which God can give. And it is when a sinner is, seemingly, at the very bottom of the descending slope, a helpless laughing-stock of his fellow-sinners, that the encouraging voice of the Living Savior is heard: O sinner, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help."

2. SELF MUST BE SURRENDERED.

And Samson said, Let me die with the Philistines (v. 30.) There are a great many who would be willing to have a part in destroying the Philistines, if they could only come off unharmed themselves; but that was not Samson's way at the last, and it is greatly to Samson's credit that this was so. He didn't pray, Let these Philistines fall, but let me escape. His prayer was, Let me bring victory to the Lord's cause even if I must die to compass it. That is the only way in which a man can serve God faithfully. He who is not ready to die, if need be, for God's cause, is good for nothing to live for God's service. Self must be surrendered before God can be rightly served, or self itself truly saved.

3. DEATH MAY BRING VICTORY.

So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life (v. 31.) Death is not always defeat. Victory even for the cause in which one dies is often secured by the very dying. Missionaries in foreign lands have done more for the mission cause by their early deaths, and the eloquence of their voiceless graves, than they could have hoped to do by a life prolonged beyond its usual span. As Bushnell said of the real victors in any great struggle, "It is the spent ammunition, not that which is brought off the field, that wins the battle." A dying child sometimes wins a father's soul to Christ, and that victory the child will rejoice over eternally. A broken-hearted mother who feels that there is nothing more that she can do for her wayward and prodigal child—but to die, may by her dying, secure a rich harvest of all her toils and prayers of a lifetime. So there is "brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—*H. Clay Trumbull in Sunday School Times.*

Humor in the Stomach.

Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia, chronic diarrhœa and other causes is occasioned by humor in the stomach. Several cases, with all the characteristics of these complaints, have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Other cures effected by this medicine are so wonderful that the simplest statement of them affords the best proof that it combines rare curative agents and when once used secures the confidence of the people.

Coyote and Kanaka.

San Francisco News-Letter.

Possibly one of the funniest mistakes ever made occurred recently in this City at a party where a gentleman who was born in the Sandwich Islands, and who belongs to one of the best Kanaka families, was introduced to a lady just from the East. She was very anxious to know all about Honolulu, and how the natives dressed, and before parting she shook hands with the aristocrat from Hawaii, expressing her extreme pleasure at having made his acquaintance. "You cannot tell," she exclaimed, as he bowed his adieux, "how intensely I have enjoyed hearing all about your island home. I always thought that your countrymen were semi-barbaric, and I am not really to blame for my ignorance, because until I had the pleasure of meeting you I never met a real Coyote." There was no harm done beyond a little mortification experienced by the lady when it was explained to her that a Coyote and a Kanaka were not one and the same thing.

LEWISVILLE, IND.—Rev. J. S. Cain says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for nervous prostration and found it entirely satisfactory."

The Bradford Estate.

The Bradford estate has gone the way of all other estates in Great Britain to which claims have been made by imaginative American families who supposed the proceeds of some ancestor's accumulation of property were lying snugly in the vaults of that mysterious institution, the Bank of England, there to swell and grow plethoric on interest and compound interest until the long-lost heir should turn up, send in his card to the bank officials and receive a princely fortune. Fairy stories like this go around periodically. The alleged heirs of the Bradford estate figured its value at $1,000,000 and exasperated the United States Consul General at London by repeated requests that he immediately make inquiry about the property. Consul General Merritt grows scarcastic in his answer and remarks "that, judging by the numerous letters received, not one of the Pilgrim Fathers has left behind him so large a progeny as the late Gov. Bradford." He furthermore says that no bonds, bullion, or other property, is credited upon the books of the bank to William Bradford, first Governor of Plymouth Colony.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE For Overworked Professional Men.

DR. CHAS. T. MITCHELL, Canadaigua, N. Y., says: "I think it a grand restorer of brain force or nervous energy."

Why so despondingly? Your vital forces need toning up by the Pastille treatment.

A Little Boston Barber Blown up High.

Theodore Volgt, a little German barber, was shaving at the store of Mr. Chas. Baumuller, No. 25 Avon street, when a Star representative interviewed him. He said: "When I found that my customer was the lucky one I did not drop my razor and stop work. When finished, I expressed my ticket to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., for collection, and in a few days received in due form for $81 invested." He is a sober, industrious and prudent young man, who will make good use of his wealth; was born in Markleu, Germany, is single, and has several brothers at home whom he will assist, and will probably open a barber shop of his own in this City.—Boston (Mass.) Star, July 26.

The Barefooted Clares.

Attention has been called anew in Paris to the Order of the Barefooted Clares. There are 18 of these nuns, and 14 are under 22 years of age. The reason of this, according to a statement just made by Baron Palet, is that the rule of the Clare is so excessively severe that nearly all the inmates die young. They go barefoot on the cold stone flooring; they never warm themselves at a fire, even the kitchen fire being placed beyond their access; they eat meat only on Christmas Day; they sleep on a narrow board; they must spend 10 hours every day upon their knees, and they are only allowed to speak to one another on rare occasions. The Abbess, through a grating, assured the Baron that more than one of her nuns, through cultivation of this grace of silence, had actually lost the power of forming a sentence.

A CLEAR HEAD.

"One year ago I was induced to try AYER'S PILLS as a remedy for **Indigestion, Constipation, and Headache,** from which I had long been a great sufferer. Commencing with a dose of five Pills, I found their action easy, and obtained prompt relief. In continuing their use, a single Pill taken after dinner, daily, has been all the medicine I have required. AYER'S PILLS have kept my system regular and my head clear, and benefited me more than all the medicines ever before tried. Every person similarly afflicted should know their value. 152 State St., Chicago, June 6, 1882.

M. V. WATSON."

For all diseases of the stomach and bowels, try AYER'S PILLS.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

There is Room at the Top

For all who start right in life. Large Salaries and Permanent Positions are always open to Young Men and Women who can write

SHORT HAND.

A new way has been discovered whereby you may become an EXPERT in two or three months, without a teacher. Expense almost nothing. Send, on a postal card, your full address to

LEE & SHEPARD,

47 Franklin St., Boston, and receive full particulars in return, gratis.

Be sure to mention this paper.

CARDS.

40 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, no 2 alike, with name 10c, postpaid. G. I. Reed & Co., Nassau, N. Y.

50 New Chromos, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. 13 pk. $1. Prizes given. E. D. Gilbert, P.M., Higganum, Ct.

50 Handsomest Chromo Cards ever sold, all new, no 2 alike, name on, 10c. Potter & Co., Montville, Ct.

40 New imported design Chromo Cards, 10c. Quality not quantity. 15 packs and Agent's Sample Album, only $1. FRED. L. JONES, Nassau, N. Y.

40 Large size, **all Gold and Silver** Motto Cards, with your name, 10c., 4 packs and this Beautiful Rolled Gold Seal Ring for only 30 cts. Agents Album, 48 cts. We want Agents for our Cards to be the Best Ever Sold. ALLING BROTHERS, Northford, Conn.

50 Satin Enamel Chromo Cards, 10c. Latest imported designs. 11 packs 4 this elegant Ring or a beautiful Imported Silk Handkerchief for $1. Illustrated with large sample book, 25c. F. W. Austin, New Haven, Ct.

Dr. Holman's Pad

TRADE MARK.

CURES

MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, Nervous & Sick Headaches

All Liver and Stomach Troubles.

It is also a sure **PROTECTION against Yellow Fever, Sea Sickness, Typhoid, Bilious and Intermittent Fevers;** and will cure **CHRONIC DIARRHŒA** in all its complaints. CHILDREN'S Diseases, and many conditions from which many ladies suffer in silence.

For further information send for Pamphlet or write to Dr. Holman personally. If not found at your nearest druggist, send registered letter direct to his office, and get your Pad by return mail.

Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad, $3, post paid.

HOLMAN LIVER PAD CO

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs.

D. R. LOCKE, Editor.
JOHN McELROY, Associate Editor.

TOLEDO, THURSDAY, August 23, 1883.

☞ ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT TOLEDO AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

THE TOLEDO BLADE.

CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE WORLD.

LARGEST AND BEST WEEKLY PUBLISHED.

TERMS—Postage Paid.

Single copy, one year, $1,00, six months, 60 cents, three months, 30 cents. Clubs of 11, one year, $10—our best terms to agents for club of any size, EVERY ELEVENTH COPY FREE, or the agent may retain 10 per cent. commission in cash.

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation Last Week, 106,000.

CIRCULATION THIS WEEK, 108,000.

Our circulation last week as shown at the head of this column, was 106,000. This week we require 108,000 to fill the demand for the WEEKLY BLADE, and the cry is "Still they come." We shall have a circulation of 125,000 by the first of October. The BLADE has unquestionably the largest circulation of any family newspaper in the United States. Why? Because it is the *largest*, CHEAPEST and BEST paper on earth. One year postpaid for $1.

TO ADVERTISERS.

In view of the unprecedented increase in the circulation of the WEEKLY BLADE—an increase which is permanent—we shall make an advance in advertising rates November 5, 1883.

Those desiring to take advantage of the present very low rates, circulation considered, have no time to waste. We give more circulation for the money than any paper published on earth.

THE BLADE FOR THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.

The result in Ohio this Fall is a matter of National importance. We shall from this time out prepare a special edition of the WEEKLY BLADE for the State of Ohio, for three months, making the rate so low that it can be circulated by the thousand everywhere. Central Committees and those enough interested in the campaign to do a little work toward making a Republican success certain, will be good enough to apply immediately for rates. A postal card will answer. There should be 50,000 WEEKLY BLADES circulated regularly in Ohio till after the October election.

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN—TO WORKING REPUBLICANS.

In view of the importance of the pending campaign in Ohio, which is of importance from a National as well as State point of view, we have prepared four "Campaign Leaflets," each of four pages, for general circulation. The four are as follows:

"A Conversation Between Farmer BROWN and Farmer JONES on the Scott Law."

"A Talk Between a Beer-Seller and a Beer-Drinker."

"Sixteen Reasons for Voting for FORAKER and Republican candidates for the Legislature."

"Mr. NASBY on the Ohio Scott Law."

These leaflets will be furnished at $1.25 a thousand. Lots of 200, designed for neighborhood circulation, to any address, postage paid for 25 cents.

During the memorable campaign of 1880, we published four leaflets, similar in nature, which the National Committee circulated by the million, using 1,000,000 in the State of Indiana alone. They will be printed in very large type, and will prove the most effective campaign workers that can be used.

THE Michigan Prohibitionists claim to have a fund of $10,000 with which they intend making a lively campaign this Fall.

IT is now declared in Madrid that French speculators have raised a fund of 750,000 francs for the purpose of corrupting the Spanish army and bringing about a rising.

THE Veterinary College officers at Montreal emphatically deny that the foot and mouth disease has broken out among Canadian cattle in Bristol as has been reported.

THE Canadian authorities have determined that there shall be no more nonsense about swimming the Niagara Rapids, declaring that any one undertaking the feat will be arrested and treated as a person of unsound mind.

NOW COURTNEY says the reason he did not win at Watkins was because he was struck on the head with a sand bag the night before the race. The story is regarded as one made of very thin material. The fact is COURTNEY is a better talker than oarsman.

ATTENTION is called to our announcement of "A Golden Opportunity" in another column. We are giving the BLADE to agents for three months at so low a price that it is a very easy matter to raise clubs of 20, 50, and even 100, in a few hours. Indeed this is just what our agents are now doing everywhere. Any person who wishes to canvass for a few hours at a profit to themselves, may become our agent. Simply drop us a postal card asking terms, and we will advise you the special price, which is so surprisingly low that you can easily take at the rate of 20 subscriptions in an hour. Try it.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The strike of the telegraphers ended last Friday afternoon—a message going out from the Executive Committee of the Brotherhood which announced to all the subordinate lodges that the strike had failed, and advising the operators to make the best terms they could. In Chicago and other large cities in the Interior the message was at first denounced as spurious; the strikers claiming that they were unabated in their desire to hold out. At last, it could be no longer doubted, and the operators made application for re-instatement. The Company has acted very fairly with the strikers. Of course it could not discharge those who had staid by it through the trouble, but it filled all the remaining places with the strikers. This will leave about one-third of the latter unprovided for, but as there were probably this number of the less efficient ones, which the company had no particular attachment for, there will not be any great change. The first-class operators will all be taken back, and, sooner or later, given their old places of responsibility.

SINCE the Kentucky and Utah elections, and the choice of a Senator in New Hampshire, there has been a lull in politics. The candidates for Governor of Ohio are taking a rest from their speech-making, and the committees are making vigorous preparation for opening a general engagement all along the line about the 1st of September. The only matter of special note has been the holding of County Conventions of the two parties at Cincinnati. The Republican Convention was an enthusiastic and harmonious one, and put a fine ticket in nomination. The Democrats, on the other hand, were noisy and jarring, and the *Enquirer* clique captured the Convention, nominating a ticket uncompromisingly hostile to HOADLY and PENDLETON. The adherents of these latter gentlemen assert boldly that the money to buy up the delegates was furnished by JOHN W. BOOKWALTER, Democratic candidate for Governor two years ago, and who will be a strong candidate for Senator, if the Democrats carry the Legislature. There was trouble brewed there which will be felt by the Democrats all through the campaign, and which will do much to defeat them. Meanwhile the Republican prospect becomes brighter every day. The outlook now is that FORAKER will carry the State by about 25,000 majority.

THE financial disturbance in Wall street early in the week had less effect on the general trade of the country than might have been expected, though the banks very generally have guarded their reserves and reduced their loans. Special advices to *Bradstreet's* from the West show at the more prominent Cities lines of discount have been curtailed and reduced. At most points in the West the outlook is for a good Fall trade. In the Northwest and west of the Mississippi River, particularly where the crop prospects are bright, nothing stands in the way of an active Autumn business but the completion of harvesting. New wheat has begun to move, and Chicago and other Western banks report demands upon them for currency for the interior. In dry goods and other distributing centers the 1st of September is named as the earliest date at which there is any likelihood of a revival of Fall business. Wheat has advanced about two cents per bushel during the week, but has gone off 1¼ cents, owing to the heavy gain in stocks at all points and a dearth of buying orders. Indian corn has followed a like course, but was more particularly influenced for a decline at the close, owing to excellent weather at the West and needed rains throughout the drouth-affected region. Provisions have been lower, with a partial recovery due to improved foreign demand for lard and consumptive request at home. The statistical position of these products, with the heavy arrivals of hogs at the West is against any material improvement in prices, based on demand and supply. Petroleum has advanced on the week, both in certificates of crude and refined oil. The consumption of petroleum is daily in excess, and the outlook is for a heavier demand during the Fall, with the existing sources of production on the decline.

THE French in Tonquin recently made an attack on the earthworks of the Annamese with 1,200 men. The French had but two men killed and six wounded while the loss of the natives was large. Operations against Hue have been begun by the French squadron which has invested Tourane-ou at the mouth of a river three leagues distants. Hue and Sontay will probably be simultaneously attacked.

THERE appears to be no further change in the situation between Morocco and Italy. A portion of the Italian squadron has left. The Sultan has as yet given no answer to Italy's ultimatum.

THERE have been some political riots in Portugal.

THERE is nothing new in the situation in Madasgascar. Transports with reinforcements have been sent to the island.

SOME diplomatic trouble has been created between Russia and England on account of the former's expelling a British subject from her dominions.

ISCHIA has had no further earthquake shocks though there are indications that one is approaching. Casmeccioia is almost rebuilt.

GERMAN merchants will establish a colony in South Africa.

COLOMBIA is threatened with a civil war.

ST. PAUL gamblers and other offenders against the laws made a sort of an arrangement with the Chief of Police of the Town by which they obtain immunity from arrest on payment of a monthly fine of from $25 to $50 for the proprietor of a disorderly place and from $10 to $25 for each inmate. This peculiar license system, however, is doomed to go, as the Mayor has put his foot down and declared that the gambler must go.

THE once busy and bustling Town of Garfield, in the Pennsylvania oil region, now presents a most desolate aspect. A year ago there were 5,000 people, all so intensely active that their number seemed much greater. Fully $3,000,000 were invested in houses, land and the improvements, but not half that value was obtained in oil.

THE DUTY ON COTTON GOODS.

The backbone of the Free Trader's appeal to the people against protection to American manufactures is that all these duties are added directly to the selling cost of the goods so protected, and must be paid by the consumer. This is something so constantly insisted upon, that it forms the bulk of all popular arguments against the Tariff, and unquestionably has more influence upon the public mind than any other. If it be false then the whole fabric of sophism must fall to the ground.

That it is false in regard to cotton goods can fortunately be easily demonstrated. The announcement is made in Boston of a still further decline this week in the prices of these staples. They are lower this year than they have ever been, and the steady fall in prices which has followed the development of the cotton manufacture in this country is well maintained. The *Dry Goods Reporter* for this week gives the following quotations of jobbing prices for staple goods of which the mass of the purchases of the people are made:

BROWN SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS.	Price per Yard.
Alabama	2½
Alaska	7½
Anchor	4½
Atlantic A	8
Granite	5¼
Glendale	5¾
BLEACHED SHEETINGS AND SHIRTINGS.	
Adriatic	7
Androscoggin	8¼
Big Bononza	8½
Davoe	3½
Wamsutta	11
PRINTS.	
Alboni	5½
" indigo blue	8
Merrimac	5@6¼
Pacific Mills	6½@7
Conestoga	6
Fenwick	4½

The text of the Tariff relating to this class of goods is as follows:

On all cotton cloth not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, and not exceeding 100 threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, 2½ cents per square yard; if bleached, 3½ cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, 4½ cents per square yard.

On all cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, exceeding 100 and not exceeding 200 threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, 3 cents per square yard; if bleached, 4 cents per square yard; if dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, 5 cents per square yard: *Provided*, That on all cotton cloth not exceeding 200 threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over 5 cents per square yard; bleached, valued at over 10 cents per square yard; dyed, colored, stained, painted or printed, valued at over 13 cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected and paid a duty of 40 per centum ad valorem.

On all cotton cloth exceeding 200 threads to the square inch, counting the warp and filling, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, 4 cents per square yard; if bleached, 5 cents per square yard; dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, 6 cents per square yard. *Provided:* That on all such cotton cloths not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over 10 cents per square yard; bleached, valued at over 12 cents per square yard; and dyed, colored, stained, painted, or printed, valued at over 15 cents per square yard, there shall be levied, collected and paid a duty of 40 per centum ad valorem.

From this it is clear that not only is there no addition of the Tariff duties to the selling prices of the goods, but that, on the other hand, these prices average from 25 to 30 per cent. less than the Tariff on them. In very many instances the goods are sold at retail for less than the duties imposed upon them, and the Americans get their cotton goods cheaper than any other people in the world.

The reason of this is that under the protection of the Tariff our manufactories of cotton have increased so enormously that the natural result followed of a competition with each other, stronger and sharper than with foreign manufacturers, which led to such improvement in machinery and methods that we now lead the whole world in this industry.

The question naturally occurs: "This being the case, why continue the Tariff on cotton goods?"

The answer is simple and easy. We desire to have cotton manufacturing develop in the interior of the country and at the South. This will be interfered with if we repeal the Tariff, and bring about the perturbations which must follow the war which the English cotton manufacturers will wage to break down our own, and secure this market for themselves. The Manchester manufacturers could well afford to sell goods in this country for years at a loss, if they could thereby close up our factories and secure a monopoly of the world's market. They have money and resources at their command that ours can not as yet control.

Still farther: The greater part of the profit in cotton manufacturing is in fancy cottons, and new designs, which are sold as high as 30, 40 or 50 cents a yard. These are fancy prices, paid by the very rich and ultra fashionable. The Tariff's action is mainly to protect our own designers of these, and our own manufacturers of novelties, in their competition with the English and French workers in the same line. We are rapidly developing designers of novelties who can hold their own with those of Europe; but this requires time, and until then they should have protection.

THE name of an almost forgotten scientist, NICHOLAS LEBLANC, will soon receive a deserved tribute in the monument from his native Town, Indre, in France. LEBLANC discovered the process of making soda from salt, an invention which gave a great impetus to chemical manufacture. The present consumption of carbonate of soda made by his process is estimated at between 700,000,000 and 800,000,000 kilose a year.

A GERMAN scientific paper deplores the yearly loss of valuable material caused by old pens being thrown away. Pens are made of the finest of steel and could be used for watch springs, knife-blades and a thousand and one other things requiring a good metal. It thinks that the children of the poor should be taught to collect and save cast-away pens and that they could readily sell them.

THE United States is not the only country afflicted with costly public printing of documents of no earthly use except for waste paper. Among the first of the innumerable letters which a new member of the British Parliament receives are a number from dealers in old rags, paper, etc., who bid against each other for his "blue books" and other Parliamentary lumber

A PARISIAN has devised a new method for the instantaneous formation of steam so that it can be at once used in the engine cylinder. Substantially the plan consists of an arrangement to pump water between two heated plates. As there is only capillary space between the plates the water is spread out into a thin layer which evaporates instantly and without going into the so-called spheroidal state.

THERE WILL BE NO PANIC.

The alarming failures in New England and New York and the trouble that has fallen on the Indianapolis banks have disturbed men's minds to a profound degree. There have not been wanting in every community men who have constantly predicted a panic, and who assert now that their predictions are about to be fulfilled. Indeed all thoughtful men, who have watched the reckless speculation and hot haste in railroad building, superinduced by the abundance of cheap money, felt that disaster was not far off. The BLADE frequently asserted its belief last year that there would be panic in stocks last Spring, but as the season was late in everything, the panic also matured tardily.

There is little doubt that the present disturbance will continue until all the rotten apples are shaken from the tree. There are more financiers in the country in the condition of WILLIAM BALLOU & Co., and more banks in the condition of those in Indianapolis and Vermont.

But for all this there will be no general panic—nothing but local and circumscribed disturbances. The reason is that there is very little, comparatively, of our vast business system in an unsound condition. The really great interests of the country—labor, rents, land, and most manufactures remain firmly anchored to the schedule of valuations fixed by the general settlement of 1873-9. Being still a hard pan basis, there can be no crashes or tumbles, and the panic must be confined to the relatively few and unimportant interests that have undergone an unhealthy inflation.

As we have said before, the great commercial crises which have swept over the country came at regular intervals, and developt in obedience to laws of periodicity. After there has been a crash it takes from five to seven years to settle matters up, reduce inflated prices to hard-pan, clear away the weak and the bankrupt, and start everything again on a solid foundation. After this has been done, and the race is again renewed it takes on an average 13 years for those who have passed through the panic and forgot its lessons and for those who have come upon the stage of action since the panic, and know nothing of its lessons, to drift far away from the landmarks it laid down as to provoke another crisis. This makes the cycle from 16 to 20 years.

We are apt to believe—and half-ideaed people like the Greenbackers, angrily assert—that panics are produced by something peculiar to this country. We had these semi-idiots declaring that it was the destruction of the war, the contraction of the currency, the extensive use of labor-saving machinery, working 10 hours a day, and heaven knows what not that produced the panic. It was of no use to remind them that Europe was suffering from exactly the same prostration. The truth is panics being the result of the reaction of men's minds upon the ordinary laws of business, and as all the business world is bound together in bonds of sympathy, crises extend all over the civilized world, and all men who trade, and who are connected in any way with trade, suffer from the effects

The first panic of this century was in 1800. In 1805-6 business was again prosperous. In 1819 came another. By 1824 business had revived again, and everybody was cheerful. Their cheerfulness increased rapidly, until in 1837 they were in the high tide of speculation and were projecting railways through hundreds of miles of unbroken forests. It took until 1884-5 to straighten up matters after the fearful crash. Thirteen years after the resumption of prosperity—we had the panic of 1857. This being the lightest known to modern history, it was recovered from in three years, so that 1860 was reckoned a reasonably prosperous year. Thirteen years from that date came the great panic of 1873. This took six years to settle up, and 1879 was the beginning of our present prosperity. By all rules, therefore, we will not have a general panic until 1892-3, because it will take nine or 10 years yet for extravagance, speculation, and violation of business principles to so demoralize commerce and industry, as to precipitate a crash, which is in reality nothing but a day of general invoicing and settlement.

We will doubtless have every year or two small panics, as some special business is overdone or demoralized—just as we have had iron panics, and are now having one among railway builders and stock jobbers—but the main interest of the country are yet in so sound and healthy a condition that it will require from eight to 10 years of vicious trading, to so corrupt them as to produce a general panic.

SCIENTISTS are still wrangling over the footprints found in the sandstone in the yard of the Nevada State Prison. The palæontologists of one party believe them to have been produced by a race of giant men, while those of another scout the idea and declare they were made by a great sloth or other edentate. The impressions are in six series, each with alternate right and left tracks, with a distance of 18 or 19 inches between. The footprints are from 18 to 20 inches long by eight broad. It would seem as though a human footprint would be readily distinguishable from that of any animal, but savants of the high reputation of Profs. MARSH, HARKNESS and CARSON are having quite a little verbal tussle over them.

THE English "parcels post" is becoming very popular with the Britons, and every day some new use is found for it. Shooters in Scotland send packages of game to their English friends under a postage stamp. Butchers, grocers and other tradesmen use it freely to send goods to customers. The rate is cheaper than it is here. A four-pound package is the limit here, and at four cents an ounce the charge would be 64 cents. The English post would carry it for nine pence. Their maximum weight is seven ounces, for which a shilling is charged. Of course no comparison can be made between their system, which covers only the two islands, and ours.

A PAPER published at Bangkok bears the name of *The Ratchakitchanubeksah*. Yet it is raising a vigorous "kick" because other papers do not credit excerpts from its columns.

THE New York brokers say that the man who has made his office expenses since the 15th of June would be a curiosity on the Street.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book, and the best selling book of this season is "Nasby in Exile." Write the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio.

WAGE DISPUTES.

The law of common sense applicable to the disputes between employed and employers seems very clear and plain.

Undoubtedly every man who has labor and skill to sell has the right to fix a price upon that labor and skill. He may demand whatever he pleases for exercising them in another's interest, and may refuse to exercise them at all, unless his demands are complied with.

On the other hand the man who buys labor and skill has the right to fix the price he will pay for the same, and refuse to buy, unless he can get what he wants at his own price.

So far all is plain and clear. The labor-seller and the labor-buyer stand in the same relation to one another that the buyers and sellers of any other commodity do.

The question next occurs as to whether a number of men having a particular kind or variety of skilled labor to sell have the right to enter into a combination to fix the price of that kind of labor and compel its payment.

At this point the difference of opinion becomes radical and even violent. The employers—the labor-buyers—are strenuous in their insistence that such a course is an indefensible one, an even criminal interference with the natural laws of demand and supply, and that it should be encountered with the stern hostility of public opinion and repressive legislation. In some States this has been attempted, and Pennsylvania has a very stringent law against "conspiracies" to advance the price of labor.

But the labor sellers point out, what is is obviously the truth, that they are only meeting combination with combination. Combination is the order of the day. Combination fixes freight and passenger rates, the prices of coal, lumber, iron, books, provisions—in fact, of nearly all the staples of life. Combination advances the price of lard from $9 to $12 a barrel—an advance of 33⅓ per cent.—and a host of related products sympathize with the advance.

Every great corporation is in reality a combination against the labor-seller. If, for example, one railroad company absorbs a dozen others, that is a more effective combination against the employes than any one they can possibly make. People who talk glibly about 9,000 or 10,000 operatives combining against the Western Union to force wages up, do not reflect that that corporation is already a combination for depressing wages, more powerful than the one formed against it. If the 100 different Companies which have been merged into the Western Union, still existed, they would bid against each other for the services of those who had telegraphic skill to sell, and the operators' salaries would be settled by the law of supply and demand. But in place of there being 100 buyers of skilled telegraphic service, there is but one, and that one naturally does not pay any more than it can help.

But while there is no denying the right of men to cease working when they feel that they are not paid sufficiently—due regard being had to implied contracts with their employers—and to unite together in an agreement with their fellow craftsmen, experience shows that this method is exceedingly objectionable, as well as most uncertain. Many strikes, it is true, have succeeded, but vastly more have failed, at an enormous cost to all concerned. Public opinion demands that an earnest effort be made to avoid these in the future. There is only one way to do this adn that is by arbitration. But before we can have arbitration we must have a great advance in knowledge and sentiment on the part of employers. There must be a recognition of the employes as a body or a class, and they must be treated with on that basis. In the recent strike the Western Union acted upon the common absolutist idea of employers, and declined to recognize any organization among telegraphers. This is a nonsensical straining of dignity. In many ways it is quite as much to the employer's interest as to their own, that the employes should be organized among themselves. They have certainly the right to organize and be treated with as organizations, and it is only by the recognition of such organizations that we can have any arbitration. And arbitration, every thoughtful man knows, we must have.

DEATH OF HON. J. S. BLACK.

The death of Hon. JEREMIAH S. BLACK, which occurred at his home in York, Pa., Monday, removes another of the fast-diminishing number of prominent men of the ante-bellum era. BLACK was an excellent type of the old-time Democrat politician—a type which has no place in the political life of to-day. He was able, but pretended to much greater ability than he really had. Strong, ambitious and demagogic he led and ruled in the Democracy, by flattering and deceiving the masses by professions that he never believed and never made any pretense of carrying into action. Ostensibly a democrat, a lover of the people and a champion of human rights, he was in reality an aristocrat and a despiser of the common people, except as they ministered to his comfort and aggrandizement. He upheld human slavery, and was an especially obnoxious Copperhead during the war of the Rebellion.

The accident of his residence in Pennsylvania, was all that prevented his being an out-and-out Rebel. As a member of BUCHANAN'S Cabinet, he was in position to aid the Union cause very much at the outbreak of the war, but he did worse than nothing. Of late years he has felt very keenly the place he will occupy in history, and has tried hard to have the verdict set aside. He furnished a number of articles for the press, in which he endeavored to show his active loyalty during the dark days preceding the firing on Fort Sumpter. These, however, were of no help to his fame. They were regarded as the special pleading of counsel for the defense, and were not only contradicted by history, but were belied by his virulent Copperheadism during and after the War. The veracity of BLACK'S statements were sharply attacked by no less a person than JEFFERSON DAVIS, and BLACK was engaged in the controversy at the time of his death.

There is nothing in his life or career to praise or to care to remember. He used his undeniably fine mental powers for his own selfish benefit, and during his course said or did nothing of any benefit to others, while saying and doing many things of great injury to the country.

GLADSTONE denies that he was a subscriber to the Confederate cotton loan.

END OF THE STRIKE.

The end of the great strike came very unexpectedly. On Friday morning there was no indication to outsiders of any weakening on the part of the Brotherhood, which seemed to be holding its lines with the wonderful solidarity it has exhibited since, at its command, thousands of operators rose from their instruments and quit work.

If, as the telegrams assert, the end is an unconditional surrender of the strikers, it is a consummation deeply to be regretted. Leaving out of the question the justice of the strikers' demands, it is not a good thing for the community in any way that a great body of skilled laborers, of men with families dependent upon them, of citizens casting votes, shall be utterly and entirely at the mercy of a giant corporation and of one of such loose moral ideas as the Western Union. The collapse of the strike makes these thousands of men the veriest creatures of the Company. It can now fix their wages at will, for there is no competition—it is virtually the only employer of skilled telegraphers in the country; it can starve into submission any one who rebels against an order or regulation, no matter how despotic, or subversive of a man's self-respect and manhood. It is of no importance to say that the Western Union will probably do nothing of the kind. The sad experience of mankind shows that there is but one result to lodging uncontrolled power in any hands, and that is a frightful abuse of it. No man, nor set of men, can ever be trusted to exercise unlimited power with justice and moderation. Had the Brotherhood been able to secure any sort of terms a salutary restraint would have been put upon a power that is now utterly uncurbed. The Western Union must not congratulate itself upon its victory, for this will most likely intensify to a dangerous degree the profound distrust of the community of that gigantic monopoly.

BOARDS OF ARBITRATION.

It is estimated that the strike has cost the strikers $400,000 of money which they can ill spare, and the company more than twice that much. This is some security that neither will be anxious to have the operation repeated for any slight or insufficient cause. In the magnitude of the losses inflicted upon the parties to the contest it quite overtops any legal penalty which has ever been suggested as a preventive of strikes. It will be a long while before we have any law, or court to enforce it, that will fine the parties to such a disturbance of the country several hundred thousand dollars each, and what is more, collect the fine on the spot.

But it is due the public, which suffers from these disturbances, that something be done to avoid them. This has been done in France, where both labor and capital are much better organized than they are here. There every great manufacturing center has its *Conseils de Sage*, which answer to the Boards of Arbitration which have been suggested for Great Britain and this country. One-third of the members of these *Conseils* are representatives of the employers and one-third representatives of the employed. the other third of the Council re mem bers of the Municipal Government. All questions of dispute between employers and employed are submitted to the *Conseil*, and there is an appeal, we believe to a Department or National *Conseil*. Some system like this should be instituted here, when strikes would become as rare as they are in France.

RAILROADS IN 1882.

POOR'S Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1883, which has just made its appearance, contains some interesting figures of the doings of the railroads during the year ending January 1, 1883. At the close of 1882 there was a total mileage of 113,329 miles, 11,591 miles having been constructed within the year. During 1882 the gross earnings of the various companies, during their fiscal year, amounted to $770,356,716 an increase from the previous year of $67,056,511.

The number of passengers transported by all the roads during the year equaled 6,834,058,765 persons moved one mile at a charge of 2.86 cents per passenger per mile. The total movement of freight for 1882 equaled 39,302,209,240 tons moved one mile at an average charge of 1.3 cents per ton per mile. The Manual closes its article on the rapid growth of railroads during the last three years by saying:

The construction of railroads, no matter the scale on which, within the past three years it has proceeded, is not likely to create anything like the widespread disasters that followed the breakdown of 1873, however much individuals may suffer. Many of the greater interests of the country are in a sound condition. There has been no undue speculation in real estate, that sure precursor of financial disaster. The embarrassments of railroads, whatever they may be, will be that of a single powerful interest, and will not, as they did in 1873, include every other in the country.

THE "deceased wife's sister question" was settled over 130 years ago by FREDERICK the Great in a rather summary manner The Consistory at Magdeburg refused to sanction the marriage of a young man to his sister-in-law, and he, seeing no better way out of his plight, sent a letter stating the facts to "Old FRITZ" himself. The letter was returned with this on the margin: "The Consistory are asses! As Bishop of Magdeburg and CHRIST'S Vicar, I now command that these people be joined together." The precedent-loving English might take a hint from this.

A NEW YORK barber shaves for 10 cents where the others charge 15, and they are consequently spiteful against him. The other day some of their agents slyly substituted a bottle of mucilage for that of hair oil, and the customer who had the solution of gum arabic rubbed into his long hair has to be held by the police to keep him from killing somebody.

ANOTHER man has grown envious of KEELY and the fat pickings which that individual of motorial fame derives from the guileless stockholders interested in his wondrous machine. This time it is a Pennsylvanian named BROMILY and the invention is claimed to multiply power indefinitely without the aid of fuel.

FREDDY GEBHARDT goes to England soon—to run one of his horses in the Czarowitch, so he says.

ILLUSTRATED BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

This handsome $3 book which we are sending post paid for $1.35, is fully descriptive in eight pages. We have sold thousands of copies, and have but a few left. Those of our new subscribers wishing a copy, should order soon.

HAYTI is small but she can be warranted to produce a bigger crop of revolutions within a given time than any other country in the world, with the exception perhaps of some parts of Spanish America. Since the time when the slaves rose in rebellion and slew their masters there have been numerous rulers of all sorts, and only one President has ever been allowed to serve out his seven-year term. It could hardly be otherwise in a State which tries to keep up a standing army of 16,000 men, with a debased, ignorant, lazy population of 500,000. A republic only in name, the occupier of the Presidential chair exerts himself only to extort money which he may ship to Jamaica or some other country to provide in advance for the inevitable revolution which will unseat him sooner or later. Security for life and property is found nowhere in Hayti, though guaranteed by innumerable Constitution.

GUATEMALA wants to become a quinine producer and has arranged for the planting of 5,000,000 cinchona trees. The decrease of this valuable tree in its South American home has long been attracting attention, and a number of countries have been ambitious to succeed to the honor of producing the world's supply of the precious drug. India has long had extensive plantations of cinchona and Australia and Central America have been wanting to follow her example. A drug which rarely goes below $2.50 an ounce, and sometimes rises to $20, as it did during the war, is worth producing. The growing of the trees will probably increase until that industrious worker the chemist, produces the drug from coal tar, which will almost certainly be done sometime in the near future. Cosl-tar already produces a substance called "kairine," which in its chemical and physiological effects bears quite a resemblance to quinine.

THE Japanese seem to be very anxious to learn the ways and methods of the Western barbarians. In 1881 the heir presumptive to the crown of Japan, Prince TAKEHITO, was shipped aboard an English man-of war, the "Iron Duke." He has passed the examination for Lieutenant at Royal Naval College, Greenwich, visited nearly every civilized country in the world, and moved about among strangers just as the son of an English gentleman would have done. He has now returned home a bright, intellectual young man in strong contrast to what he would have been had he been educated in the same way as all his predecessors. Under the old system he would have lived all his life without greater knowledge of the world than could be obtained from rare glimpses through the curtain of his palanquin.

ONE of the many things against which sensational scientific men are fond of declaiming is the deadly wall-paper. It is now quite a number of years since this war-cry was first pealed forth but there is no diminution in its popularity, though there are some few slight changes in its character. Formerly the arsenic used in the making of the colors was the great bugbear, but lately the paste used in fastening the paper to the wall is coming in for a liberal share of the blame. It is alleged, by a "culchawed" scientist, that it forms a breeding place for the bacteria which produce various disagreeable diseases. He also brings up charges that it decays and the products of decomposition do numerous unpleasant things.

THE latest eccentricity in the line of peculiar religions, is the establishment in Finland of a sect professing what might be called a mixture of Women's Rights and Catholicism. They term themselves the "Pure by Excellence," and believe that woman is so far superior to man that she must control the family and run things generally. In each household a woman is elected and invested with a governing and chastising power over her companions. All persons, but especially the men, must confess their sins to certain women weekly. It would be a good thing to send the professors of this new creed to Utah, especially as they are said to be active propagandists.

THE Catholics have published some statistics about the strength of the various religious beliefs, from which it appears that Pagans are the most numerous, numbering 816,000,000. Next come the Catholics, who number 212,000,000. The non-Catholics are divided into Protestants, numbering 124,000,000, and the various schismatics who are about 54,000,000 strong. The other faiths come for the following: Jews, 7,000,000; Mahometans, 200,000,000; Brahmins, 163,000,000. Buddhists, 428,000,000; idol-worshippers, 530,000,000.

APPLES are usually shipped from this country to England in immense quantities every year, but there will probably not be much done in that direction this year, as the British, for the first time in 10 or 12 years, have a good crop of the fruit, while ours will probably be only sufficient to supply the home demand. Of course there will be some trade in this line, for our apples are far superior to those grown in Europe, and they would be imported were it only for the tables of the nobility, but not much.

A NEW mineral has been discovered, in Missouri, possessing some valuable properties. Its cutting powers are quite like those of the diamond, as it cuts steel away rapidly but retains a fine edge. Its name, adamascobite, however, will have to be extensively reduced before the substance can come into even moderate use.

THE French offered 300,000 francs for a positive preventative of the phylloxera and no less than 182 answers were received, each and all giving a "sure cure." The Commission appointed to award the prize, however, decided that none of the plans offered were worth anything and consequently the 300,000 francs remains with the Government.

IT is stated that JOHN WANNAMAKER, the Philadelphia dry goods king, paid $200,000 for advertising last year, and made $1,000,000. The Troy *Times* suggests that he should change his name to Moneymaker.

THE Russian petroleum men are becoming dangerous enemies of our oil men in the Teutonic countries. Their latest move is to send the oil in bulk to the principal German industrial centers.

NASBY IN EXILE.

Agents are meeting with good success in canvassing for this elegant subscription book. Anybody can sell the book and make a clear profit of $5 to $10 per day. It costs but $1 for an outfit. Address LOCKE PUBLISHING CO., Toledo, O., for circulars of description.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Arrangements have been made for the manufacture of gun cotton for the navy at the torpedo station at Newport. Heretofore the Government has had to depend on foreign makers and dealers.——The Buffalo Express favors Sen. Edmunds for Republican candidate for the Presidency.——The Republicans of Mississippi are fusing with the Independent Democrats on local questions, in the belief that a sentiment will be thus created that will guarantee fair elections generally.——The chief prelates of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe and America will assemble at the Vatican in November for consultation with the Pope regarding the best means of maintaining friendly relations with all the Powers.——The system of narrow gage railways in the Southwest is completed between Cairo, Ill., and Batesville, Tex., a distance of 720 miles.——It is presumed that Gen. Pope will be transferred to Chicago to succeed Gen. Sheridan, when the latter goes to Washington to take the place of Gen. Sherman.——Testimony as to the cost of constructing a telegraph line of eight wires between New York and Chicago, with a branch to Washington, was taken at New York by the Senate sub-Committee on Education and Labor. D. L. Robeson, telegraph engineer and contractor, said he could reproduce or duplicate the entire telegraph system of this country for $50,000,000 if the rights of way were granted.——The Government having secured the title to the site of the birthplace of George Washington, at Wakefield, Va., a monumental building will be erected at a cost of $53,000.——A drouth of five weeks in Virginia was broken Thursday by rain, which came too late to save corn and tobacco in several Counties.——John W. Mackay, the California millionaire, has been made a Director of the Postal Telegraph Company. He took the largest proportion of the $1,000,000 of new stock just issued. The construction of the lines of this system to all important points is to be undertaken at once.——Advices from South America report several earthquake shocks last month in Chili, Peru and San Salvador. From Central America comes the report that the volcano in Nicaragua threatens the Village of Ometepe.——Some statistics regarding strikes in Europe have been introduced before the Senate Labor Inquiry Committee. It appeared that since 1870 there have 2,352 strikes occurred, of which 72 are known to have been won, 189 lost, 918 compromised, and 2,000 are not accounted for, but were probably lost by those engaging in them. The amount of wages lost in these strikes was $22,237,750.——On account of unlucky investment in manufacturing enterprises, the Farmers' Bank, of Richmond, Ind., has closed its doors.——At a mine in Cornwall, England, 12 men were killed by the breaking of a rope attached to a cage in which they were being raised to the surface.——Jas. McShane, M. P., of Canada, has made a contract with the French Government to ship 1,500 head of prime cattle into France, beginning at once.——Alexander H. Stephens' Liberty Hall is now for sale for $10,000, and the sale includes the library. There is talk in Georgia of buying it for a high school.——Dr. Burg, of Paris, believes that sheets of copper over the stomach and abdomen are a safeguard against cholera, and he wears a copper-lined flannel waistcoat.——The Town of Casamicciola, on the Island of Ischia, recently destroyed by earthquake, is being rebuilt with a rapidity that would do credit to the pushing genius of the New World. One hundred and fifty-four new buildings are already completed and occupied.——A firm in Berlin have purchased a large tract of land on the western coast of South Africa, where they will found a colony and open up trade with Cape Town. The approval of the Government to the founding of such commercial colonies is expected.——The liquor and cigar sh

Staff Correspondence.

FROM COLORADO.

Into the Mountains Garden of the Gods—The Grand Canon Engineering Skill Grape Creek Canon—Reaching Silver Cliff Beauty of Situation—Wet Mountain Valley—Mines and Mining—A Health Resort—St. Cloud Hotel—Glorious Climate—Delicious Beefsteaks.

Correspondence of the Blade.

SILVER CLIFF, COLO., Aug. 12, 1883.

From Denver into the mountains! It is impossible to realize the difference in the air without experiencing it. Eastern people find in the City of the Plains a panacea for many evils, and there is a lightness and purity in the atmosphere that is exceedingly delightful, but it yet lacks the full measure of freshness and buoyancy with which the breezes from among the Rockies and the foothills seem laden.

A ride of 75 miles southward, upon the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, brings the tourist to

COLORADO SPRINGS,

well known as one of the prettiest of the numerous health resorts in Colorado. Of course I stopped there and diverged to "Ye Garden of Ye Gods," one of the most wonderful of the wonders of this country, and familiar as are the descriptions of the place, it must be seen with one's own eyes to form any conception of the weird scene. It is fitly named, for the first breathless feeling is that only the gods with Jupiter at their head could have thrown these gigantic masses of rocks into such wild, grotesque forms, then scattered them around in the picturesque confusion which greets the sight; and above this garden of flowers forever, peerless and grand, Pike's Peak piercing the clouds with its snowy summit over 14,000 feet above the sea level, and visible for miles upon miles in every direction.

Even the wonder of all this, however, passed away from me when the next day, the

GRAND CANON OF THE ARKANSAS,

burst upon my awe-struck vision. At Canon City we had taken the Leadville Division of the Denver & Rio Grande Road, and feeling in an open car so that the view could not be obstructed in any direction, were soon entering this mighty gorge which four years ago enterprise, unbounded energy and engineering skill opened for the passage of railroad coaches, with their freight of human beings. It is impossible to find words to fitly describe the magnificent. One feels as if suddenly whirled into the presence of infinity. On the first passage it is more unutterably oppressed by the awful sublimity everywhere. Returning, I could look around me without that terrible dizzy sensation of being brought face to face with what is so absolutely beyond human power to produce, although much skill and daring have conquered it as upon the innermost secrets of the place to human sight.

Imagine the hills drawing closer and closer together as the train moves on, rising higher and higher into the "meadows of heaven," until they have grown

INTO MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS

that seemed determined to embrace each other over your very head. Close at your side rushes the Arkansas River, dashing on as if in fiery haste to escape the threatened imprisonment. Soon you are in the Royal Gorge, which is so narrow as only to give room for the river and the railroad at its side, and the bed of the latter is hewn out of the solid rock. They tell me that in one part it was necessary to lower workmen from the top down to the place they were to cut, which was a high up mountain side, and there put in their blasts, tearing off sometimes great masses of rock a hundred yards wide, until they had forced a passage down to the river's level, where the road was built. And there you are rushing along between solid walls, whose perpendicular, jagged sides stretch up for 2,000 feet, making one dizzy with the effort to measure the height with the eye.

It is well that the tension upon the nerves does not last a great while, for it could hardly be endured.

THE GORGE

is a mile and a half in length and the train is soon through it, giving one the chance to draw a long breath and enjoy the beauty of the rest of the canon, which, from one end to the other, is 11 miles long.

Returning to Canon City and taking the train upon another branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Road, which, by the way, is wonderful in its piercing of the great mountain barriers of this part of the country, we were soon climbing through Grape Creek Canon that, if not so awfully sublime as the one just spoken of, is yet extremely picturesque, and in many parts sublime in its beauty. The train crawls up and up—though in your complete absorption with the changing scenes you are not conscious that it moves slowly—until something over 30 miles have been traversed, an altitude of nearly 8,000 feet reached, and you find yourself

IN SILVER CLIFF,

the key-stone of the beautiful and fertile Wet Mountain Valley.

The situation of this place—which sprang into existence three or four years ago as suddenly as many another mining Town—is extremely beautiful. Upon one side stretches the Sangre de Christo Mountains, said to be the finest range in Colorado, and I can well believe it, for in all my mountain experience I have never seen those which such a constant delight with their glorious alternations of lights and shadows, one hour cloud capped, the next their peaks sharply defined against the clear blue of the sky, while lower down their sides rests the feathery masses that seem as if a breath would float away. And even when the sun sinks behind them, the grandeur is beyond description.

Between them and the Town stretches the valley, which is about 40 miles long and 12 wide. Hitherto it has been used principally for grazing, but so rich is the soil that the time must soon come when it will be broken up into farms and made to blossom like the rose, and bear golden fruitage. The hay crops are already large, being 7,000 tons last year with a larger promise for this.

The valley is bounded upon the other side by the

WET MOUNTAIN RANGE,

stable at either end rises peak after peak, turned and softened by the distance until they melt away in the blue sky and are only faintly outlined to the eye and finally lost altogether, to the vision as are their names to my memory.

The history of Silver Cliff is very similar to that of other mining Towns. Its birth was consequent upon the discovery of rich ore in the mountains around, and it had a mushroom growth for a season. Then came the usual reaction, caused in this case principally by finding a great deal of the ore was of so low a grade that to work it cost so much as to take off most of the profit, and away went the crowd of prospectors to seek other and richer "worlds to conquer," leaving the better part of the population, who, won by the beautiful surroundings and wonderfully pleasant and healthy climate, determined to stay until the turn came which would give the Town a steady and prosperous growth. Like the rest of Colorado, Silver Cliff thus had its dead season, but it seems now to be awaking from its slumber. Recent discoveries of rich ore have been made in its neighborhood; old mines have passed into new hands, and the mills are soon to be set at work again. Should the Duryea smelter, which has been faithfully and patiently experimented for the last two years, finally prove successful in cheaply reducing the low grade ores, of which the mountains are full, there would be another boom that would send the Town forward with wonderful rapidity.

Yet it is not the mining possibilities or the agricultural future of the valley that chiefly interests me, but its

WONDERFUL ADAPTABILITY

to being a health resort, not only for those Towns lower down in the near localities, but for people from a distance who love the mountains, enjoy an atmosphere just cool enough for comfort, which is buoyant and life-inspiring, and absolutely anti-malarial. The place, indeed, is far from being a paradise of money getting for physicians, as one living here laughingly assured me.

Hitherto the advantages of Silver Cliff in this direction have been little known, but the near future will make a great change. Last Spring a new hotel,

THE ST. CLOUD,

was opened, a large substantial stone building, with pleasant, airy rooms, well furnished, most of them commanding a fine view of the everlasting hills, and a genial landlord, Col. Aldrich, who gives his guests a hearty welcome and the most delicious beefsteaks that were ever placed upon a table East, West, North or South, to say nothing of the rich cream and Jersey milk supplied in abundance. I speak with the authority that several weeks' experience gives me.

Then to pass away the time are the glorious drives over good roads around the valley; the excursions to the mountains; camping out expeditions; visits to the mines, conspicuous among them being the celebrated Bassick; and constantly, the breathing of this wonderful atmosphere which is as delicious and exhilarating as the rarest old wine.

It is not only the Summer the pleasant here, but the Winter, they tell me, is quite as desirable for health seekers because of the even temperature. From data collected by Dr. A. Comstock during a residence of over two years, I find that the pleasant, sunshiny days so far exceed in number the cloudy or stormy ones, that the latter need hardly be mentioned. Take, for instance, the one month of March, usually such a dread in the East for its miserable, sleety, cold, tempestuous weather, and there were last year but two cloudy mornings, and snow fell in small quantities three times. And this was no especial exception, for, looking farther, I see that in the whole of the year 1882 the number of days of uninterrupted sunshine was 219 out of the 365, and those on which an invalid able to take exercise in the open air could walk in comfort, not impeded by storms of any kind, were 242. I do not know of any other place in the length and breadth of the land that can show such a record.

I have said much in this letter about Silver Cliff as a health resort, but its atmosphere has been such a keen delight to me that I long to have others find a like enjoyment, and in these days of easy travel, it is not difficult to reach long distances into the heart of the Rockies, if health, strength and recreation are sure to be found at the end of the journey.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Miscellany.

DANCE OF DEATH.

The Devil Tree, upon which Human Beings are Sacrificed—Horrible Shrieks of Agony.

The following description of a singular tree found in the Island of Madagascar, was originally published in the last *Gräfe & Walter's Magazine*, of Carlsruhe, together with notes upon it by Dr. Omelius Fredlowski, to whom the letter by Carl Leche, the discoverer, from which the following was extracted, was addressed:

The Mikados are a very primitive race, going entirely naked, having only faint vestiges of tribal relations, and no religion beyond that of the awful reverence which they pay to the sacred tree. They dwell entirely in caves hollowed out of the limestone rocks in their hills, and are one of the smallest of races, the men seldom exceeding 56 inches in hight. At the bottom of a valley (I had no barometer, but should think it not over 400 feet above the level of the sea) and near its eastern extremity, we came to a deep, tarn-like lake, about a mile in diameter, the sluggish waters of which overflowed into a tortuous, reedy canal that went unwillingly into the recesses of a black forest, jungle below, palm above. A path diverging from its southern side struck boldly for the heart of the forbidding and seemingly impenetrable forest. Henrick led the way along this path. I followed closely, and behind me a curious rabble of Mikados, men, women and children. Suddenly all the natives began to cry, "Tepe! Tepe!" and Henrick, stopping short, said "Look.' The sluggish, canal-like stream here wound slowly by, and in a bare spot in its bend was the most singular of trees. I have called it the Crinoda, because when its leaves are in action it bears a striking resemblance to that well-known fossil, the crinoid lily stone, or St. Cuthbert's beads. It is now at rest, however. If you can imagine a pineapple eight feet high and thick in proportion, resting on its base and denuded of leaves, you will have a good idea of the trunk of the tree, which, however, was not the color of the anana, but a dark, dingy brown, and apparently as hard as iron. From the apex of this truncated cone (at least two feet in diameter) eight leaves hung sheer to the ground, like doors slung back on their hinges. These leaves, which were joined at the top of the tree at regular intervals, were about 11 or 12 feet long, and shaped very much like the American agave or century plant. They were two feet through in the thickest part, and three feet wide, tapering to a sharp point that looked like a cow's horn, very convex on the outer (but now under) surface, and on the inner, now upper, surface, slightly concave. This concave face was thickly set with very strong, thorny hoops, like those upon the head of the teazle. These leaves, hanging thus limp and lifeless, dead green in color, had in appearance the massive strength of oak fiber. The apex of the cone was a round, white, concave figure, like a smaller plate set within a larger one. This was not a flower, but a receptacle, and there exuded into it a clear, treacly liquid, honeysweet, and possessed of violent intoxicating and soporific properties. From underneath the rim, so to speak, of the undermost plate, a series of long, hairy, green tendrils stretched in every direction towards the horizon. These were seven or eight feet long each, and tapered from four inches to one-half inch in diameter, yet they stretched out stiffly as iron rods. Above these, (from between the upper and under cup), six white, almost transparent palpi reared themselves toward the sky, twirling and twisting with a marvelous, incessant motion, yet constantly reaching upward. Thin as reeds and frail as quills apparently, they were five or six feet tall, and were so constantly and vigorously in motion, with such a subtile, sinuous, silent throbbing against the air, that they made me shudder in spite of myself with their suggestion of serpents flayed, yet dancing on their tails. The description I am giving you now is partly made up from a subsequent careful inspection of the plant.

My observation on this occasion were suddenly interrupted by the natives who had been shrieking around the tree in their shrill voices, and chanting what Henrick told me were propitiating hymns to the great tree-devil. With still wilder shrieks and chants they surrounded one of the women, and urged her with the points of their javelins, until slowly and with despairing face she climbed up the stalk of the tree and stood on the summit of the cone, the palpi twirling all about her. "Lisk! Lisk!" (drink, drink) cried the men, and stooping she drank of the viscid fluid in the cup, rising instantly again with wild frenzy in her face, and convulsive cholera in her limbs. But she did not jump down as she seemed to intend to do. The atrocious cannibal that had been so inert and dead came to sudden, savage life. The slender, delicate palpi, with the fury of starved serpents, quivered for a moment over her head, and, then, as if by instinct, with demoniac intelligence, fastened upon her in sudden coils round and round her neck and arms; then while her awful screams and yet more awful laughter rose wilder, to be instantly strangled down again into a gurgling moan, the tendrils, one after another, like great green serpents, with brutal energy and infernal rapidity, rose, retracted themselves and wrapped her about in fold after fold, ever tightening with the cruel swiftness and savage tenacity of anacondas fastening upon their prey. And now the great leaves rose slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, erected themselves in the air, approaching one another, and closed about the dead and hampered victim with the silent force of an hydraulic press and the ruthless purpose of a thumbscrew. A moment more, and while I could see the bases of these great levers pressing more tightly toward each other, from their interstices there trickled down the stalk streams of the viscid, honey-like fluid, mingled horribly with the blood and oozing viscera of the victim. At the sight of this the savage hordes around me, yelling madly, bounded forward, crowded to the tree, clasped it, and with cups, leaves, hands and tongues got each one enough of the liquor to send him mad and frantic.

Then ensued a grotesque and indescribably hideous orgy, from which, even while its convulsive madness was turning rapidly into delirium and insensibility, Henrick dragged me hurriedly away into the recesses of the forest, hiding me from the dangerous brutes, and the brutes from me. May I never see such a sight again. The indescribable rapidity and energy of its movements may be inferred from the fact that I saw a smaller one seize, capture and destroy an active little lemur which, dropping by accident upon it, while watching and grinning at me, in vain endeavored to escape from the fatal toils.

BURGLAR ALARM.

The Singular Way a Frenchman Devised of Making a Living With Old Hats.

New York Sun.

"I have often heard of odd and mysterious professions practiced in large Cities by ingenious people," said a gentleman recently returned from Europe, "but I think the one I am about to describe beats them all. As I was coming out of the Grand Hotel, in Paris, one day last Summer, I suddenly lost my equilibrium and stretched myself out right along on the sidewalk, thanks to an orange peel. A good-looking sort of fellow rushed to my rescue, succeeded in setting me upon my legs, and, in spite of me, insisted on helping me back to my rooms.

"The next day he called and had his card sent up, inquiring in very good terms about my condition. I didn't tell you my right arm had been broken in my fall, but it's all the same, anyhow, as it is all right now. Day after day, during two long and tedious weeks, I received the same card, telling me how anxiously my rescuer interested himself in my recovery. I could not help feeling deeply touched by such persevering attention, and gave orders to the clerk to send my man up the next time he called. Our meeting was affecting.

"'Excuse me, sir,' said I, 'what could I do for you to show you my gratitude?'

"'Well, my dear sir,' he answered, with a flash in his eyes, 'give me your old hats.'

"'Most willingly. But, pray, what are you going to do with that stuff?. Are you dealing in second-hand headgear, or do you want to exchange your felt hat for a regular stovepipe? In that case it would afford me the greatest pleasure to offer you a new one.'

"'A thousand thanks, sir; I never wear new hats. If I ask you for your old ones it's because, when you fell, your hat rolled away in the gutter, and, picking it up, I saw it came from a fashionable maker's. Such a name, sir, would do very well in my collection and largely increase the number of my customers.'

"'Your customers?'

"'Yes, sir. I see you have no idea of my way of living. I am, sir, a professional burglar-alarm, at your service, or rather at the service of your lady friends.'

"'This is a novelty, indeed. So your profession consists in frightening thieves?'

"'Yes, sir, and with old hats only. Thieves in Paris possess a police—a detective force of their own—as well organized, if not better, than the municipal forces. They have a number of scouts who, in consideration of a percentage, inform resolute rascals of good places in which to operate. Among those scouts some are especially intrusted with the charge of watching old single ladies who live alone. As soon as they discover one of these and learn that there is booty to be got, they pass word to the "workers," and the next day the robbery is committed. Well, my business consists in frightening away these plunderers.'

"'But how about the old hats?'

"'Here they come in, sir. Suppose, with all due respect to you, that you are an old, single lady. I come to you and explain the dangers you are running, and I take your name as a subscriber.'

"'A subscriber to what?'

"'For one franc a month I pledge my word to keep, without intermission, in your ante-room a man's hat, which will, in its turn, keep away thieves from your premises.'

"'How is that?'

"'Just this way: The thief comes and rings your bell. You open to the scoundrel, who, at a glance, takes a complete survey of your surroundings. Seeing the hat—"Ah, ah!" says he to himself, "a visitor. I'll come some other evening." So, under one pretext or another, he moves off. Two or three days later he is back; the same inspection follows he with the same result, "Company again," he thinks, A week later a hat is still on your rack "Thunder and lightning, too much company. Nothing safe here," and you never see him again nor any of his associates.

"'Well, well, that is rather ingenious, but does it not strike you that your client would get along cheaper by buying, once for all, a hat, and so dispensing with your services?'

"'By no means. First, the hat must be carefully brushed every day and placed by a man on the coaters, because women do not hook up a hat the same as men do. Next, it must be a hat of the latest and best pattern. Last, but not least, the hat must not be twice the same hat, or on his second call the scout would know as much as yourself about the trick.'

"'That's so.'

"'I am not such a simpleton. Every day the precious hat is changed with my own hands. I have now 205 customers and 243 hats of all respectable patterns. Every morning I start on my circular trip, beginning with customer No. 1, to whom I bring a neatly brushed hat, which I exchange for the one put by me on the patera the day before. With that one I go to customer No. 2, brush it well, hook it up, unhook the other, and repeat the same operation down to customer No. 205, whose hat I take home with me. By this process none of my lady customers has the same hat in her anteroom more that 24 hours. To-day it is a felt hat, to-morrow a round one, the day after a stovepipe, then an opera hat, and so on ad infinitum. I go so far, sometimes, if I have reason to suppose one of my clients to be especially threatened, as to leave on her rack two or three hats of different shapes. I can't afford to run any risks. Think what I should lose if one of my customers should be assassinated! It would send my business to the dogs.'

"'And does it pay you?'

"'Why, certainly. It's easy enough to foot it up; 205 customers at a franc per month make a grand total of 2,460 francs a year, which, for a man who does not feel every evening like going to the Cafe Riche, is quite enough to live decently upon. However, my outlays for hats——'

"'Oh, I see. That's why you want me increase your collection?'

"'Just so, sir.'

"'Well, then, take these, my good man.' And I gave the fellow half a dozen good hats of various shapes, and he took his leave supremely happy."

FACTS ABOUT THUNDERSTORMS

Observations Made in Bavaria and Wurtemberg.

New York Tribune.

Thunderstorms have for the last four years been the subject of careful observation, both in Bavaria and Wurtemberg, where the dangers which result from them and still more from hail showers, make the farmer take a keen interest in the weather. The number of weather stations being found insufficient, the Meteorological Office proposed that people in all districts should undertake to send in regular reports immediately after each storm. For this purpose postal cards were issued, on which the exact time of first thunder and lightning observed; with directions before, during and after the storm; rain and hail periods, and further observations were to be stated. The appeal was readily responded to, and there are at present 270 regular observers who have been found prompt in dispatching their cards, which pass free of charge.

The statistics thus gained show that thunder-storms principally arise in localities which favor local differences of temperature, so that the certain places may be considered their breeding grounds. They effect most intensely the ridges between two local centers of barometric depression, and move in long, narrow fields, different points of which, even if far apart, being visited exactly at the same time. The storms proceed in a direction vertical to the front of the field, independently of local winds. By far the greater number take place between 2 and 4 P. M., and between 1 and 3 A. M. It is somewhat strange that during the year 1882 both these maxima were delayed by about an hour. In one case sheet lightning was perceived at a distance of 15 miles. This system of observation was first introduced in Bavaria, but was soon adopted by Wurtemburg.

Tools Used on the Pyramids.

During a residence of two Winters in a tomb at Gizeh, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie collected evidence showing that the tools used 4,000 years ago were constructed with a jewel at the cutting edge. He stated his reasons for coming to this conclusion in a paper read before the Anthropological Institute, a resume of which is published in a recent issue of *Engineering*, of London. Solid and tubular drills, straight and circular disk saws, and lathe tools were made with jewels set in metal. The lines of cutting on a granite core made by a tubular drill form a continuous spiral, the grooves being of a uniform depth and width throughout, showing that the cutting point was not worn as the work advanced. The regular taper of the core indicates that jewels were also set upon the outside and inside of the drill, thereby facilitating its removal. In some specimens of granite the drills sank one-tenth of an inch at each revolution, and the pressure necessary to do this must have been from one to two tons. The skill of the workmen and the capacity of the tool are illustrated by the clean path through both soft and hard material—no difference in the groove being perceptible, although it passes from a soft substance into quartz, subjecting the tool to an enormous strain. In plaine surfaces the depth and width of the cuts indicates the successive stroke of a saw, and the use of the circular saw is provided by the regularly curved lines. The forms of the tools were the same that experience has sanctioned at the present time. The scarcity of the diamond and the lack of strength in the sapphire and bel lead to the consideration of corundum. Nothing has been found about the metal of which the tool was made or the method of setting the jewel.

STORING OF WIND POWER.

A Plan to Save What is Now Going to Waste.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* suggests that the wind force now going to waste might be stored up in the form of compressed air and used as a steady source of power. Within the area of 40 by 150 feet, no larger than the flat top of many a store or manufacturing establishment, he says, it is entirely practicable to place 32 wind wheels, each 12 feet high by eight in diameter, and so arranged that each shall have full sweep of the wind from whatever quarter it may blow. The wheels would revolve on vertical axles—or horizontal if preferred—with fixed blades, one-half shielded and turning so as to suit the direction of the current. They would need no attendance, no brake, no check; let them spin with the utmost fury of a gale, or lie still in a calm. Rapid motion could do no harm, and would only increase their efficiency; whenever they turned they would do work, when they lay still they would do nothing. Each wheel would drive an air-pump of size suited to its power, and each stroke of the piston would send its given quantity of air into the common reservoir provided. The reservoir becomes then a magazine of compressed air whose energy is reported by the gage, and is used by any of the means now so well known.

A Slickens-Ruined Farmer.

San Francisco Call.

Less than a mile above the City of Sacramento the American River empties into the Sacramento, and immediately beyond that point the scene becomes interesting. One picture we had on the point made by the junction of the rivers was characteristic of the country. On the bank near the extreme end of the point, in leather-colored clothing, a ragged slouch hat, gray-haired and gray-bearded, supporting himself on a heavy stick, distinctly outlined against a gray sky, stood a slickens-ruined farmer. He stood on a bank of slickens, part of many acres of slickens-topped land, now growing only dense forests of young cottonwood, all gray-green, where once ripening grain and fruit repaid his toil. Unlike most of his kind, he had not deserted his acres when they became worthless. Too old to attempt a fresh start in life, too bankrupt to afford to even desert the bare subsistence he could force from one or two feebly-living acres on the old place, too discouraged to hope, too crushed to even complain, he remained, growing withered and useless and gray with the land beneath him. As we rowed past he stood there motionless, perfectly in accord with every other element of the picture—all somber, all sad.

Planting Trees in Mexico.

London Times.

The Mexican Government has conluded a contract with Mr. Oscar A. Droege to plant 2,000,000 of trees in the Valley of Mexico within four years, commencing March 15, 1884. Half a million trees a year are to be planted in such places as the Government shall decide. The contractor pledges himself to establish a number of nurseries and to have in them each at least 80,000 ash, 35,000 willows, 120,000 poplars, 60,000 eucalyptus trees, 60,000 tremos-japlores, 60,000 mountain cypress cedars, 60,000 acacias and 120,000 of miscellaneous varieties. The trees must be in plantations of from 50,000 to 100,000 each, and Mr. Droege has to maintain them for two years after planting. He is not compelled to plant trees along the highways, however.

Three graduates of the School of Agriculture are to be received into the nursery each year, there to study the science of forestry. He is also to raise fruit and other useful plants for free distribution. There is to be translated from the German every year a work on arboriculture of recognized merit. An inspector is to superintend, and Mr. Droege is to receive annually $40,000 till the sum reaches a total of $200,000.

A Snake Story.

While several young couple were strolling along the wooded walks at Sheridan, the other evening, one of the ladies felt that she was being squeezed, but said nothing about it until she noticed that the gentleman who was walking with her was twirling his cane in the hand she imagined was producing the pleasing sensation about her waist. On investigating the matter she was horrified, and her escort terrified, to find a huge blacksnake coiled tightly around her. Her "company" wouldn't go within a rod of her, fleeing precipitately when she attempted to approach him. Finally a farmer's boy went to the rescue, and whacked the snake on the head with the butt of a whip until it let loose. The reptile was over four feet in length, and had squeezed the girl so tightly that several of her corset stays were broken, and it is feared that two of her ribs are cracked.

Largest Ferry Boat in the World

The largest ferry boat in the world is said to be the "Solano," built to run on San Francisco Harbor for the Central Pacific Railroad. The "Solano" is described as a vessel of 3,540 tons, and of the following dimensions: Length of main deck, 494 feet 8 inches; length of hull, 406 feet 2 inches; width over all, 116 feet; width between wheel-casings, 64 feet; hight amidships, 18 feet 6 inches; hight at ends, 15 feet 9 inches; draft when loaded, 6 feet 6 inches. The boat has four lines of rails, and, as they extend from end to end, there is sufficient accommodation for 48 freight cars or 24 passenger cars, with locomotive and tender. The boat is chiefly used for passenger service, freight being taken by the old route and transferred at Oakland.

An Irish Superstition.

The space now covered by the Lake of Inchiquin, Ireland, is reported in former days to have been a populous and flourishing City, but for some dreadful and unabsolved crime, tradition says, it was buried beneath the deep waters. The "dark spirit" of its King still resides in one of the dark caverns which border the lake, and once every seven years he issues forth at midnight, on his white charger, and makes the compiete circuit of the lake, a performance which he is to continue till the silver hoofs of his steed are worn out, when the curse will be removed and the City reappear once more in all its bygone condition. The peasantry affirm that even now, on a calm night, one may clearly see the towers and spires gleaming through the clear water.

A Fifteen-Hundred-Foot Waterfall.

Portland, Ore., News, Aug. 3.

A recent discovery on the head of the Cowlitz River establishes the fact that Washington Territory can now boast of the grandest waterfall in the known world, its hight being 1,500 feet. The Nooksack Indians assert possitively that waterfalls higher than the tallest fir, pine or cedar tree are to be found on the extreme headwaters of the Nooksack River, in this County. As that section of the County has never yet been explored by white men, there is no good reason for doubting the statement. From the comparison given by the Indians these falls must be at least 475 feet in hight, which would lay over the famous Snoqualmie Fall of Kings County, by at least 200 feet.

A Western View of the Young Man in Summer

Iowa State Register.

There is a tendency in the young man at this season to do something desperate. It is this that makes the Summer campaign of the young woman so successful. Sporting with Amaryllis in the shade among the mountains or toying with the tangles of Neæra's hair by the seashore leads many a man to lay siege to the fair City, while in Winter his heart is as dead as a mackerel to all the bewitching spells of the most enchanting charmer whirling with him in the waltz of a City ball room.

Not a Stupid Youth.

A San Francisco millionaire hoping to encourage his promising son in ways of thrift promised to give him 2 per cent. a month interest upon any money that he might save out of his spending allowance and deposit in the paternal treasury. The young man was getting $20 a week for pocket money, and promised to show his appreciation of his father's affectionate offer. He began to make deposits without delay, and kept the practice up with remarkable regularity. The old man noticed presently that the deposits exceeded the whole of the boy's allowance, but accounted for this by supposing that he had saved some money previously. Besides this, he received money frequently from his mother. So that fond parent rejoiced in the saving disposition his son was displaying. This continued until the boy's deposits assumed such dimensions as to demand an explanation. It turned out that most of the money that he had been depositing had been borrowed. Inasmuch as he was drawing interest on his deposits at 2 per cent. a month and was paying only 10 per cent. a year for them, he had found that business decidedly attractive and profitable.

A Spirited Defense of American Pie.

Indianapolis News.

The English can mix up a mess of meat, potatos and dough, a foot across and six inches deep, bake it, and when it is cold dig it out in chunks and eat it. They call that "pie," and it is allowable to eat that sort of thing—a mess of indigestible, unpalatable stuff, as witness Sam Weller's testimony to the "veal pie," that it was the "seasonin' as does it." But when we propose to eat a bit of thin crust, fresh baked, with fruit, making it perfectly digestible, then the army of dudes and the funny paragraphist of the newspaper must set up a moan at the provincial ignorance which would do so. It is time this sort of nuisance should expend itself. Pie is an American dish; it is palatable, comestible and digestible. Pie is the perfection of a lunch. Pie is healthful. Pie is good. If that be treason, make the most of it. Long live pie.

Pigeons Routed by Sparrows.

Dayton (O.) Democrat.

Small grain was sprinkled from wagons along South street yesterday afternoon, and a considerable flock of pigeons pursued the trail, devouring the grain. A small regiment of sparrows soon attempted to drive off the pigeons, but the guns of the latter were too heavy for the light infantry. But what the sparrows lacked in size they soon made up in numbers, a small army of the little guerillas coming promptly to the scratch and fairly overwhelming the pigeons, driving them away and capturing their "commissary trail" and greedily devouring the stolen "stores."

Assuring Information.

Arkansas Traveler.

During the telegraph strike a man who has charge of an office among the hills of Arkansaw, where the receipt of a message is a sensational event, telegraphed as follows to headquarters: "The news of the strike caused considerable excitement at this place, but at this time all of the regular force is at work. If the strike assumes the shape of threatened disaster, I'll telegraph at once. In the meantime rest easy."

Unkind.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A newspaper on the cheese belt says that John G. Thompson is sulking in his tent, Indeed. We had not missed Mr. Thompson.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY.

A Harvest for Our Blade Agents.

Cheap Reading This Summer for Everybody.

We are about to issue to agents of the BLADE a private circular of terms for three months subscriptions to the Weekly BLADE, good for a short time only, at a remarkable low price, at the same time allowing the agent a handsome cash commission. We want 50,000 new readers this Summer to give the BLADE a trial, and at the price we shall name to our agents for securing this special number, we shall not receive returns for more than the price of white paper used in printing them. Our experience shows us that a large majority of new subscribers become permanent after an acquaintance with the BLADE, and for this reason we are quite willing to accept 50,000 readers this Summer at a nominal price.

The price we have determined upon for our special agents, and for a special time only, we do not make public in this announcement, but all agents and friends of the BLADE who can devote even one hour in raising a club for us, may simply ask us by postal for our special short time rates, and we will immediately forward instructions by return mail. Any person of good standing in any community, may act as agent. Simply ask us by postal for instructions, and we will make known to you the way in which you can take all the reading people of your Town for a short time trial of the BLADE. We will also furnish specimen copies needed in the canvass, when applied for. We shall only ask an agent to raise a club of five under this arrangement, but will accept as large a club as the agent is pleased to send, and good canvassers will find after they get to work, that from 20 to 100 names can be taken for the BLADE (at but a few cents each) in a few hours work of a single day.

Some five years ago we made a special low offer for three months, and many agents sent us clubs of over 100 names at a time, mailed the same day they received our terms. Clubs of 20 were received from communities of but that number of families. When so good a paper as the BLADE can be delivered to any family in the United States for three months for a very few cents, all who can read the English language will thank an agent for calling their attention to the matter.

Any person, old or young, can earn a nice cash commission for one day's canvass, and we want one agent in every Town. It may be that we shall have to limit the number of agents, but for the present we will give all applicants authority to give the matter a trial.

As the special rate will be limited to a very short time, agents will please apply for terms at once.

The BLADE will be unusually interesting this Summer. The old-time Nasby letters, always welcome, are restored after a long absence. A new serial historical novel, written especially for the BLADE by EARNEST WARREN, now well-known to our readers, will then be commenced. Other features will follow in rapid succession, making a feast of good things that will delight the most exacting.

READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD"
READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD"
READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD"
READ "THE BAD BOY ABROAD"

THE BAD BOY ABROAD.—This is the funniest book of the age, containing the experiences of the "BAD BOY" with his Pa and Ma in Europe. All who love fun and good humor should read it. 16 mo., 180 pages, illustrated, paper covers, 25 cents; cloth, 40 cents. Sold by all dealers and on all boats and trains, or mailed on receipt of price, by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 31 Rose street, New York.

The Young Ladies' Institute.

Granville, Ohio. Opens September 12. Full College course. Schools of Art, Music and German. New studio and new patterns; new parlor grand; two additions to the Faculty; everything first class; fifty-second year. Address D. SHEARER, D. D.

"REX MAGNUS"

(THE MIGHTY KING.)

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVATIVE.

Perfect, Sure, Safe, Healthful.

It is composed of pure and harmless ingredients, is sure in its action, preserving meats and all kinds of food in their fresh state without fail, is safe in use, containing nothing that can injure the most delicate constitution, and even promotes health, as all articles treated with it are preserved absolutely fresh, and the risk of eating stale or partially decayed food is avoided.

Cream Fifty-nine Days Old.

Cream is the most delicate and perishable of all animal foods, but a quantity which was treated in Boston with REX MAGNUS was eaten in Switzerland fifty-nine days after and proved to be sweet, pure and wholesome, and perfectly fresh.

Prof. Samuel W. Johnson, of Yale College, tested REX MAGNUS by exposing twenty-three different kinds of meats and other foods which had been treated with the proper brands, for

Thirty-five Days at Temperature of 70°,

and says in his report: "The preparations of REX MAGNUS have accomplished all claimed for them. So far as I have tested they are the only preparations that are effective and at the same time practicable for domestic use. I consider them no less Wholesome than common salt."

Try It and be Convinced.

If your druggist or grocer does not keep REX MAGNUS we will send sample packages prepaid, by mail or express, as we prefer. Address our express office, "Vlandine," for preserving meats, fish, &c., 50 cts. per lb. "Ocean Wave," for oysters, lobsters, &c., 50 cts. "Pearl," for cream, 25. "Snow Flake," for milk, butter, &c., 50 cts. "Queen," for eggs, $1. "Aqua Vitae," for fruit cordials, $1. "Anti-Ferment," "Anti-Fly," and "Anti-Mold," 50 cts. per lb. each. Put up in 1 lb. and 5 lb. cans and in 25 lb. boxes. It never fails. Mention this paper.

THE HUMISTON FOOD PRESERVING CO.,
72 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

For Sale in Chicago by Sprague, Warner & Co., wholesale grocers. Van Schaack, Stevenson & Co., wholesale druggists.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

A Bureau of Wants, Exchanges, etc.

There is such a host of inquiries for addresses of friends, officers of regiments, comrades, exchanges of articles, etc., that they trespass seriously on the space we need for matters of interest to all of our readers. The notes, on the other hand, can be of interest to but very few. We have decided, therefore, to make a moderate charge for the insertion of these requests, which will reimburse us for the cost of composition, though not for the space occupied. *Therefore after this date all matters of this kind to secure insertion must not exceed 20 words in length, including address and all—and must be accompanied by 50 cents.* As this is less than one-third our usual advertising rates, its privileges will be confined wholly to subscribers of the BLADE, for whose accommodation it is instituted, and non-subscribers to the paper, including general advertisers, will not be admitted under any circumstances. Below we give one of the matters that will hereafter be placed under this head:

Remember the terms: 50 cents for a single insertion, of not to exceed 20 words. The money to accompany the order, or no attention will be paid it. It must also come from a *bona fide* subscriber to the BLADE:

THE GREAT NEMAHA VALLEY is the garden spot of Southeast Nebraska. For list of improved and unimproved lands, address, with two 2-cent stamps, M. H. Marble, Real Estate Agent, Table Rock, Neb.

WANTED—Lady correspondents, between 18 and 30 years of age. Very respectable. Objects—mutual improvement and to exchange photographs, and all sorts of confidential. Address Lourilla, P. O. Box 330, Franklin Square, Col. Co., O.

GOOD Home for family coming West, two years old. Free. Also wanted, teacher and farm hands accompany. D. E. Woods, Mt. Vernon, Mo.

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The Household.

Edited by Miss Emily S. Bouton.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper, write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

XXXVIIII.

TO GROW THIN.

Not long since some one wrote a letter asking the author of these articles, in most distressful words, what the writer should do to prevent farther accumulation of fat. She was already burdened to such a degree that it was impossible to take exercise comfortably; she felt puffed up and choked at the slightest exertion, and besides she *looked* anything but attractive, though before she grew so stout she had been called pretty. About the same time this letter came, I read the following in a Toronto (Ont.) paper, the question of embonpoint being under discussion:

DEAR MADAM—I was greatly troubled with too much flesh some years ago, when I was barely out of my teens. A French lady of my acquaintance gave me the following advice: Wear stays tightly laced day and night, eat sparingly, avoiding all fats and sugars, take the very minimum of sleep consistent with health, and drink the juice of three lemons a day with a very little water, and drink nothing else. I followed these directions, and succeeded by degrees in reducing my weight from 165 pounds to 115 pounds, which is about right. VIOLA.

It hardly seems possible that in this day and generation any person with common sense would soberly give such advice, or that any one could be found so insane as to follow it out. Years ago, before the injury done by tight lacing was so well understood, it would not have been so strange. We hear of women who tied their corset laces to a bed-post and drew them a little tighter each day until their waists were of the desired spindle size, but in those later days of intelligence in regard to health matters, anything approaching such folly would not be expected. Yet the letter given would seem to show that there are yet some idiots left in the world. To "wear stays tightly laced night and day," never to allow the lungs to be filled with fresh air, to thus deny the stomach any chance to digest what food is taken, to give no means for purification of the blood, to invite disease which will not only shorten life, but make it a burden while it lasts—these are the consequences of following such suicidal advice as is contained in the above letter, though the directions in regard to diet and drinking are not objectionable.

I said in a former article that corsets might be worn without injury, providing they were flexible and not laced so as to impede respiration in the *slightest degree*. I repeat it, but I should add better a thousand times discard them entirely than to allow any inclination to stoutness to lead you to wear them too tight. You can produce the same evils by whaleboning your dresses and having them made so close as to require great effort to fasten them. I remember seeing a lady once while dressing for a party obliged to call her husband in to help her button her dress together. Their united efforts were scarcely sufficient to finish the task. It is true her waist *did* look exceedingly small, too wasp-like, in fact, for the rest of the figure, but her face was a very unbecoming red, and she was so utterly uncomfortable as to be unable to enjoy herself, or help those around her to be happy. Remember this: *Nothing is ever gained in the way of beauty by undue compression of any part of the body, and health is always injured.*

People do, sometimes, grow over-stout, so much so as to be dangerous to health and life, besides destroying good looks. Not only are the muscles clogged by an accumulation of fat, but the spaces around the vitals organs of the body become filled in and thus prevent their perfect action. This in time will cause them to grow flabby and impoverished, the breathing will be difficult if any hurried movement is attempted, the head will swim, and there will be various other unpleasant symptoms that show the body is not in a good condition.

It is no wonder that people thus afflicted will be led, both by vanity and a desire to be comfortable, to seek some remedy for this disease, if so it can be named. There are numerous anti-fat mixtures put upon the market, but against these, one and all, I must enter an emphatic protest unless they are taken under the advice of a physician. Doubtless they may sometimes reduce the fat without harm to the health, as they claim, but to others, whose systems are in a different condition, they may prove an absolute poison. Death has more than once been produced in this way.

People accumulate fat from different causes. In some it is purely constitutional; in others it is the result of some special mode of life, while with a third class it is absolutely the result of disease. It should be thoroly understood to which of these causes it is to be attributed before any medicine is taken. There are things, however, which can be done without danger, and usually, if persevered in, with the result of a *gradual* diminution of the objectionable fat. Avoid indulgence in beer, wine or spirits of any kind. Do not partake freely of the pleasures of the table, especially refusing sugar, which often turns to fat, milk, bread and butter, fat meats, oily fishes and farinaceous vegetables. I grant you that this self-denial will prove hard if your appetite craves these things, but keep the end in view and persevere until you see the good results.

Stay out in the open air as much as possible, but do not exercise to excess. Exhaustion will rather tend to defeat your purpose than to help it forward, but a fatigue that is easily recovered from is always beneficial. Vapor baths are very frequently a very good assistance in carrying off the superabundance of adipose tissue, but these should never be taken except under the advice and regulation of the family physician, otherwise they may prove exceedingly dangerous in their consequences, particularly if there is any trouble with the circulation.

Do not be discouraged if you do not at once perceive the desired change. It is best that it should be accomplished gradually. Anything that would reduce stoutness immediately must give a dangerous shock to the system. The trouble did not all come at once, but by degrees, and it must be gotten rid of in the same manner. The body should be given time to accommodate itself to the new order of things.

A very good book upon this subject, and one recommended in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* is Banting's "Essay on Corpulency." There are others of equal merit, but all unite in prescribing the same regimen as I have given you. This is perfectly safe and generally effectual, but if it should not chance to reduce you to a sylph it will improve the general health, and that is a long step gained.

Lessons in Music—No. 4.

BY RICHMOND.

No amount of theory will make a musician. The most brilliant talent is useless if the fingers are incapable of obeying its demands. Diligent practice and a review of scales and other exercises should be kept up. Count the time. In this way a proper knowledge of time and measure are accurately developed. Be equally practiced and proficient in all the keys; all are of about the same difficulty. There are as difficult compositions in C major as in C sharp major. Let the eye, memory and fingers become accustomed to keys, with flats and sharps for their signature. In the sharps and flats the black keys are the principal ones, and as they are narrower than the white ones, it is necessary that the hands be held firm and a little higher than when striking the white ones, and a very sure touch given to acquire the same degree of precision as in the white keys. Broken octaves are played by striking the lower key of the octave, and instantly afterwards the key of the octave. Play in slow time, for these exercises are very fatiguing. Those who have large hands and long fingers have a decided advantage over those with small hands and short fingers in octaves and in heavy chords. The chromatic scale is very beautiful and excellent practice; it is formed thus: C, C sharp, D, D sharp, E, F, F sharp, G, G sharp, A, A sharp, B, C, etc. Not only learn the scales in their regular order, but practice them with taste and expression in connection with the finger exercises. The practice by the diatonic and chromatic scale is necessary for advanced pianists as well as amateurs. They give strength and elasticity to the fingers. While practicing new compositions do not forget the old ones; make it a point to every few days review all that has been gone over, trying each time to play the compositions more correctly than on a previous occasion. It will be noticed that the execution is more refined and smoother; therefore, the advice is given—play them in connection with later acquisitions. Retain as an absolute property all that you have ever learned. In this way musical talent is awakened, developed and strengthened. Determine to excel; anything worth doing is worth doing well, and step by step the advance will be made, until a commanding degree of excellence has been attained, without necessarily neglecting other work and other accomplishments. Play with expression, not monotonously; it is as necessary as to recite a poem intelligently and with elocutionary effect. Study the marks of expression with the same exactitude given to time and fingering. Devote a few minutes to the practice of the trill; it is as indispensable as a smooth and gliding execution of the scales. "The Three Graces," the trill, the turn and the appoggiatura are the bright gems in music. The practice of the octaves is a good one; in order to play them correctly, they should be first played in slow time, letting the hand rise from the wrist and strike the key exactly in the center. Devote considerable time to the study of compositions of a bright and pleasing style. Too much time spent on mechanical exercises is apt to be disheartening; therefore, the harmonic, melodic and esthetic feeling should be encouraged by the study of carefully selected music, not too difficult. The suggestion is made that the finger exercises, scales and trill be first in the daily practice, then the octave and heavy chords be taken up, and, lastly, pleasing melodies, sonatas, waltzes and transcriptions, etc.; in this way the interest is kept up and the practice does not become monotonous. Rapid passages, runs and the trill are a test of true cultivations, if well executed. A few foreign words are given: ad capriccio, ar pleasure; ad libitum, as you please; alla marcia, time of a march; allegro con bio, fast and brilliant; amose, affectionately; ancora, once more; a poco a poco, little by little; aria, a song; anuscorda, with the soft pedal; armonioso, harmoniously; a mezzo voce, in subdued tones; andante maestoro, slow majestic, allegro di bravura, brilliant, dashing.

Correspondence.

THERE IS SUCH A THING.—A spiteful letter on marriage compels me to utter my sentiments regarding this often happy state. I am near 40, have been married 16 years, and have a son past 14. We have had six splendid children, and the greatest sorrows of my life were caused by the death of three of my dear beloved. But I wish to inform "Going" that she is wrong in the idea there is no such thing as love. I know better. I do truly love the good-nature I husband that rolled up his sleeves, went into the kitchen to-day and cooked—O! such a delightful dinner—just because I was worked very hard and was feeling badly, and I know that he loves me. Now, girls, just hold yourselves worthy, and try to find a young man who does not go to "Bascom's," does not swear nor gamble, who is a member of a church, and who does not try to seduce every girl that looks at him. If such a one seeks you out, tells you that he loves you and wants you for his wife, just say "yes." AUNT JEMIMA.

GOING WEST.—"Alice," if you wish to go West don't stop at Kansas. You can do better by going on to the Golden State, California. I have lived there 15 years and like the country well. You can have all the advantages for locating land that you can in Kansas. Besides, for common housework, you can get $20 per month. Dressmakers' wages are good, while country school teachers get from $60 to $75 per month. It is a fine country, fine climate and the society is good. I am visiting in Indiana at present and will start for home in the last of September. Any information desired will be furnished by writing.—J. N. SAXE, Adams, Ind.

READING MATTER.—"Helen Talboys," I think you are "justified" in not lending reading matter to such ones as you write of. It would disturb me less to be called "stingy" than to have a prized book or paper returned in a soiled and tattered condition. But such people do not know how to use such things well. What inveterate borrowers there are in the world. I have known them to borrow nearly everything, from a fine tooth comb down to a pair of shoes. No matter how many times they have been "down town," nor how near they live to a store, it seems to be more convenient to run over to a neighbor for what they lack. I am sorry, my young inquirer, needy soul, but to those who do and will have their clothes made in the latest style, and are not ashamed to wear borrowed finery.

"Tired Housekeeper," don't feel badly if you cannot do just as much work as some others you know or read of. You are tired, so just do according to *your* strength, instead of your neighbor's. You may admire order and neatness, but have courage to "slight" your work when it does no hurt, and rest instead. I do like clean sheets on the beds and I manage to have them, but I dare to hang them up to air without ironing them a particle if I am not well enough to do otherwise, or if I wish to read the newspapers. Of course some would be horrified at such "slackness," but then they "haven't time to read." I think clean, well-aired, unironed sheets and a mother that reads better for children than *vice versa*. But then, I am not supposed to know, of course. I felt rather amused while calling on an acquaintance. She was speaking of her neighbor being so interested in the dailies that she would sometimes read half before her table was "cleared off." "But I haven't time," she added. This was when Garfield's death was daily expected. Soon after she was telling of the nice gossippy chats she had nearly every day with Mrs. G., just down the street. And this is "the way of the world." But the tired, halt-sick ones that are in it always have my sympathy.—EM. S. BAILE.

"OUT OF WORK."—I noticed an article in the BLADE headed, "Out of Work," signed by "Cato," and while I was reading it I was led to imagine why so many able-bodied young men and women would remain in those abominable Cities and along railroad lines, giving their time and wearing out their lives for those tyrant capitalists, who would not give them a penny to save their lives, when this world is so wide, so full of work, full of good generous people, who are willing to lend a helping hand to the needy if they are within their reach, and thousands of acres of land lying idle, waiting for some of the sons of toil to come and reap from it the treasures necessary to sustain life. Some will say, "Oh, I can't get but 50 or 75 cents per day for working on a farm." But you must remember you get your board free. I would like to ask the railroad man if he has 75 cents left at night, after paying the expenses of the day? A good carpenter can get his $1.50 to $2 per day and his board; so with a stone mason. A man having a family can rent or lease a farm and make sure of a good living. There are a great many persons having land in the woods that will give a man his land to have and hold as his own from three to five years for the clearing of it. Some say, "Oh, I don't know how to farm." If you are willing you can soon learn so that you can make a good living. Leave those abominable Cities.—COUNTRY COUSIN.

MORE ABOUT MARRIAGE.—I hope I shall be welcome to say a word to "Going." She thinks really there is no such thing as love. Why, my dear little woman, how can you think so? Just because your own love and marriage was a sad failure you ought not to come out and say positively, "There is no such thing as love." Now, be candid with me if I tell you how your marriage came to be so unhappy and full of bitterness. You say you are only 17 years of age. Now, we will suppose you became acquainted with your husband somewhere, and thought you fell in love with him. You went together a short time, became engaged and were duly married. Now, let me tell you, so many girls do the same thing, and regret afterward. Girls of 16 or 17 do not always know when they fall in love with a young man whether that love will last their lifetime or not. It is almost always girlish fancy, instead of real love, for I know from sad experience, though I am now happily married and have the best husband in the world, the man you thought you loved when you were married turned out so different from what you anticipated that it disgusted you to live with him. Now, my dear friend, don't you think if you had waited till you were at least 20 you would have had a little more judgment and a better knowledge of human nature than you did at 16? You wouldn't begin to think of marrying. Pray never say again there is no such thing as love, for there certainly is. Why, woman, God is love, and I like thousands of women, love my husband.

I hope other girls will not be so foolish as to follow your example in getting married so young, and then have other folks become discouraged at the idea.—LIZZIE, Bingham, Iowa.

DUTIES OF YOUNG COUPLES.—A young husband should not conceal from his wife the condition of his business and expect her to practice economy when she does not know the reason therefor. The more honorable and happier way to do, is to inform the wife just what the income is expected to be, and what are unavoidable expenses, and together plan for the disbursement of the amount, he supplying her with so much money per week or month for the house, and giving her the whole management, unless she ask his assistance. If she has sense enough to attract you for a husband, she has sense enough to attend to your interests. Be kind and patient to her in her new experience of house-keeping. Do not notice the little deficiences, much less complain of them, and never by word or intimation, insinuate that your old home was better kept. By gentle treatment, courteous bearing, and an exhibition of genuine affection, teach your wife to regard you as a prince among men. Young wife, do not give your husband the least cause to think that relations have regretted the choice you have made. Never take part in the first quarrel and you will have no second one. Overpraise never kills, but fretting and fault-finding may destroy love.

School teachers ought to frequent the columns of the HOUSEHOLD. They have taught slang in their schools, as I have seen in our local districts. It isn't becoming a lady or gentleman to use such language in any place, as it is not proper. I have seen it carried on so far by young ladies and gentlemen that it became disgusting and profane.—LEONIDAS, P. O. Box 300, Franklin Square, O.

DOESN'T WANT ADVICE.—Readers of the HOUSEHOLD, it was not "Black-eyed Lydia" that wrote for advice—it was the handsome uncle that did the writing. The handsome uncle, as he calls himself, made a mistake. It is "Jim" that is handsome, not his uncle. He said I was 24 years old, but I am not that old by four years. As for my wanting to know what kind of a wedding dress to get for September, I would ask some of our City dressmakers. And as for my marrying "Jim," I would use my own judgment about that.—BLACK-EYED LYDIA.

BOTH HANDS CUT OFF.—Within the true home circle—earth's foretaste of Heaven—only sympathy, sincere, heartfelt, pure, finds lodgment. "Bear ye one another's burdens," unuttered is obeyed. No discord finds lodgment there. Upon the parental bosom, trust, undoubting, finds a balm for every wound, a cordial for every grief. The parent is to the child infallibility personified, is its ideal of perfection. To know this, to feel it in all the vastness of its import is the ultimatum of a realization of duty. To know that, to our immortal charge, we are perfect, yet feel the utter falsity of the position, is to feel consciousness of a humiliating debasement.

"That we ever should be weary, or ever feel a fear, or ever know a sorrow or ever shed a tear," is, to our little ones, a mystery beyond comprehension. But really are our troubles all that we feel them to be? Should we be willing to exchange for those of others? That laconic remark of a conductor when he said he had never witnessed an accident but might have been worse, spoke a volume, practically applicable. Have our heart strings been torn, as we saw, one by one, our darling idols borne hence, and we thought the woes of others were naught beside our own?

We are exhorted to weep not for the dead, but rather to care for the living. Is it because we are selfish, or heedless, or too busy to realize that there are other hearts that ache, aches for the loved and lost, ache for woes we know not of, ache for the costless yet priceless pressure of the hand of sympathy?

Are there any doubting ones? Come with me, and I will show you a sorrow you wot not of, a calamity of which you little dream.

In yonder home, on yester morn, hope was as bright and the future seemed as cloudless as does yours or mine to-day. The partings were as merry and thoughtless, as were yours or mine, "with spirits just as gay." Little wot they of what an hour until bring forth.

Ere the sun had half reached its meridian, those hands, which were toiling for the dear ones at home, were stilled forever. A misstep, and the cruel steel had done its work, and two ghastly, bleeding, handless stumps—but language fails; pen is powerless; imagination impotent. Would that we could draw the veil of oblivion; but there is no oblivion there, no hope that time may bring relief. Time may wear away the keenness of the edge, but time will not restore the severed members. No more may the dear ones of that home receive his fond embrace; no more those little ones enjoy the loving caress of a father's hand. Oceans of sympathy may deluge that stricken household, but neither sympathy or gold can bring back those hands. Sympathy may wane, but the woe will remain through all the weary years to come. So is it, our commonest are our most priceless blessings. We know not their worth till some hopeless disaster sweeps them away forever.

As we retire from this scene of sorrow, we can but feel impressed with the brightness of our own sky; and we feel a new courage and can shoulder the burdens of life with a new vigor for thought of troubles we are not called to bear.—ROD ERIC PORTER.

On lower right-hand corner, second page of WEEKLY BLADE of August 9, 1883, is the notice of the accident referred to by our correspondent.—ED.

DECEIT.—After reading an article on "Deceit," I thought I should like to add a few lines. What's the matter with "Oregonian?" He says, "It is well-nigh impossible to tell before you get married what kind of fish you are going to catch," and adds that the women practice deception in their dress, language, and in fact everything, to such an extent that they are much more to blame than the men for the divorces and unhappy marriages. By that, it would be supposed that he was married, and instead of the "nice little wife" has caught an "artificial fish," for how else could he know so much if they learn what we are only by marriage? "Oregonian," did you deceive your wife when you married her? Did you tell her all your deficiencies? I admit that some women paint, have false teeth, and wear false hair, but do they all? "Oreg." forgets, or does not wish to remember, the many cases where the men do the same thing. I recall an instance which came under my observation sometime ago, while I was a student at a certain college. One evening there was to be a "sociable" at the chapel, and nearly all the students had made their toilets for the evening, before descending to the supper table at the boarding hall. Opposite me sat two young men resplendent in evening dress, but ah! what a wonderful transformation had taken place. They had been wearing blonde mustaches, but that evening they were black as midnight. They were much better looking with their dark mustaches; but was there any deception there? And I remember, once while listening to a lecture, the speaker became very enthusiastic in his discourse, when suddenly out of his mouth flew a set of teeth which he caught and pocketed. Now, if they had not been artificial they would not cut such capers. By the way, he was a bachelor too, but then I presume the girls had discovered his "artificialness" before it was too late, so he had remained in single-blessedness. About a year ago a young married couple separated, and when the reason was asked the answer was "Why, John went to the penitentiary once, and never told me until after we were married, when I learned it from others. He also wears a blonde mustache now, but 'twas very dark when he went a courting."

"Going," I can't agree with you when you say, "Girls, don't get married at all," and then enumerate your troubles and say you are but 17 now. Well, you married too young; girls should be at least 20 before they marry. Then, too, you certainly married without love, as we judge from what you say, and there is such a thing as love. Don't make the opposite sex all tyrants, "Going," and "Oregonian" don't lay all the blame for unhappy unions upon the woman, for there are noble people of both sexes as well as "artificial" ones, and when all is weighed in the balance, it is as often the case that the girls are deceived in the "fish" they have caught.—SUBSCRIBER.

IN TROUBLE.—I have been afflicted with very weak eyes for the last 18 months. I can read but little and a good deal of the time not at all, but my husband reads the BLADE, which comes to us like a ray of sunshine. To me it seems to be chronic inflammation. I am not able to go away to an oculist, nor can I afford to hire my work done; but have to do it myself with the help of my husband and children. The thought of losing my sight and having to grope my way in darkness terrifies me. I do not know what to do. Perhaps some of the readers of the BLADE can give me some advice or a word of sympathy and encouragement.—DESPONDENT, Prairieton, Ind.

KISSING. — "Desiderio," you and I must differ on the kissing question. You don't believe in kissing at all; while I believe in kissing those we love most, but not every friend whom we may chance to meet. I fear I could not exist without some being to love and caress, someone to demonstrate my affection for. I think it is my nature.

Yes, this is a bitter world. I have tasted its bitterness, I have measured its depths. Shall I come out sweetened by its experience? Probably not, as the world judges me. It has been said woman become better, purer, by trials and bitter experiences. I think not. One gains, however, wisdom and self-reliance, but nothing more. Women lose their happy, trusting nature, and are apt to look on all with distrust and lock their hearts against all heavenly influences, and are apt to grow skeptical on those same pleasures that once buoyed them up, enspiriting their souls to loftier emotions.

"There is no greater grief," says Dante, "than to remember in our misery the happiness of the past. Grief knits two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can."

"He who acquainteth others with his moan,
Adds to his friends grief, but not cures his own."

—ANNIE.

WEDLOCK.—Allow me to say a few words as regards marriage. "Going" speaks of it being a "terrible ordeal." I can say for one of the many happy wives of this neighborhood, that I never enjoyed more real happiness than I have since I was married, which was some two years ago. I would not live single again. No, not for worlds, after having enjoyed the love and happiness of married life. Of course there are duties to perform and perhaps trials to undergo, but without these we would not know how to enjoy and appreciate the joys and blessings that are scattered all along the pathway of life. As for love every one who has enjoyed its blessings know what it is. "Going" says "as for love there does not exist such a thing." Then says in immediate connection, "If you marry for love," etc. First she declares that it does not exist, and then acknowledges its existence by using it as above. One would suppose by reading her letter that she married for money, which never should be done, and that she married at 15 years of age, which was altogether too young. In my judgment no girl should marry before she is 20 or 22. If "Going" is so far gone that love has ceased to exist, I certainly pity her; but I hope to hear better reports from her in the future, when she has learned to know what love is.—A. R. H., Johnson City, St. Clair Co., Mo.

SOME ADVICE.—"Always Busy," my advice to you is to consult some friends on whose judgment you can rely. Your pastor would, I think, be the one to consult with. State the facts to him plainly and without reserve. Or if you are not a member of any church, consult the clergyman of the one you attend, and if he is anything like our minister you will not fail in getting good advice.

I do not for one instant believe that duty always requires us to yield to our parents. Now, I suppose this assertion of mine will bring the majority of the HOUSEHOLD band to their feet in astonishment; but what I mean is this: there are so many who seem to think a child should always yield cheerful and ready obedience because father or mother says so. Now, I say that after a person has come to the years of maturity, if he sees that what his parents require of him is incorrect to the laws of God or man, I deem it but right in him to refuse to do that which his conscience tells him is wrong. As some writers have been kind enough to call your attention to passages in the Bible referring to children's obedience and duty to their parents, I think it would have been well for them to have also mentioned that the same Good Book contains passages that teach us that parents have also a duty to perform toward their children, other than to simply feed and clothe their bodies.

Come what may, never marry for a home or to escape the unpleasant situation you are now in. Always remember 'tis better to bear the ills we have than to fly to those we know not of. If you were in reach of me I would put you in the way of earning your own living, but as I can't do that, all I can do is to advise you to be careful and not be too hasty in taking any man. Be sure you love him and that he is worthy of your love.—ADRIENNIA, Postoffice BOX 5, Port Perry, Pa.

WORK.—I notice some one has asked the question, "Why should young ladies learn housekeeping any more than the young men should learn farming," etc

Now, every woman that is keeping house will certainly have a little work to do, unless she has been fortunate enough to find some one who can keep servants for her. I say, girls learn to work. We cannot all find rich men. I do not like to work any better than some of the rest of you, but I *can* work, even if I do not like to. I really think it is more necessary for us girls to learn housework than for the young men to learn farming.

What has become of "Frank?" Has he found some one to work for him, and share the many dollars that he is spending so lavishly?—CITY GIRL.

Inquiries.

Will someone tell me how to preserve burial wreaths? Will someone tell how to make hair jewelry? Will someone tell how to preserve birds?—C. E., Hillsdale, Mich.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD kindly advise me? I have always wanted an education but owing to uncontrollable circumstances have been unable to attend school for a number of years. What education I have, I have obtained by studying at home, and on attending a teachers' examination I found I was not thoro in anything. Is there a society for home study that will help me? I have thought of joining the Chautauqua, but don't think it is just what I want. Is there any other society? I want to study for a teacher so I will not have to work out for a living.—MARY STACY.

Can anyone tell what will kill out horseradish and not injure the grass? Will someone please send a tried recipe for fig cake?—A. W.

I have heard of an air-castle and I would like to know how to make one. I would like to know the particulars about it, for though I am a bachelor, I can knit, sew or bake as well as a woman.—BACH.

Will someone tell me what to do for the wireworm in the cucumber stalk. We have much trouble with them.—HYACINTH.

I should like to ask the ladies what they do with their hands on wash day. I cannot find time to try and wait a while after breakfast be supposed that the suds before going out and to also wait a while after coming in before wetting my hands again. I must admit I have very brown hands.—MOLLIE B.

Someone please give me a good recipe for tomato pickles or chow-chow; also tell me how to pickle sweet peppers stuffed with cabbage, etc. I have recipes and fancy-work instructions saved from BLADE for several years. What would it cost to get them printed in book form?—JERUSHA.

It would cost several hundred dollars to bring out a moderate edition. Except for the cost of paper and binding it would be nearly as expensive for one book as for 1,000.—ED.

What has become of "Rose Geranium," "Aunt Roxy," "Moss Rose," "Mr. Remine," "Chatta Bella" and "Bridal Rose?" Have they forsaken us?—INQUIRER.

Will someone give a recipe for baking "Boston baked beans," and one for making "Boston brown bread."—JULIUS.

How can butterflies, bird skins and similar objects be best preserved? Will someone give a few candy recipes?—SARAH H., Baders, Ills.

Will someone give me a good recipe for lemon pie.—LEMON.

Will someone give a recipe for pickling green beans, and one for pickling cauliflower?—MRS. R. E. STOFFEL, Wellsmills, O.

Will someone tell me what will renew old pewter that has become black from age?—MRS. EMILY CHASE, Dowagiac, Mich.

Will you who have reared silk worms tell an anxious novice where you got your trees, when you set them out, how long they must set ere leaves can be gathered, etc.? I would like to know whether any of you ladies have seen or used a hand-loom that turns with a crank. If so, whether it will weave rag carpet. What is the price? What are buckeyes?—PEARL.

I would like to try some of the lace patterns, but do not understand all the abbreviations used. How do you plain a stitch? What do t and tto stand for?—YOUNG MOTHER, Humboldt, Neb.

Can any one give an analysis of German millet?—LA REINE MIGNON.

Answers.

I would like to tell the lady who has trouble in rolling her pie crust that perhaps she has her dough too stiff. For four pies I use a scant pint of lard, working it into the flour until fine. Use just enough water to make a little stiffer than for buiskets, working as little as possible after adding the water. Work into a long roll, and pinch off a piece just large enough for a crust. Press it flat endways, flour and roll out, turning it so as to make in even.

"School Girl," Hans Christian Anderson, one of Denmark's most gifted writers, was born in 1805 at Odense in Funen, and the widow of Bunkefiod, a poet of reputation, charitably adopted him. He displayed a talent for poetry, and at home was known as "the comedy writer." Hoping to obtain an engagement in a theater, he went to Copenhagen, but was rejected because of leanness. Next he tried to be a singer, but his voice failed. He, however, found generous friends, one of whom made application to the King, upon which he was placed in an advanced school, at the public expense, so he began his education in 1822.

He completed his "Agnes and the Merman" in Switzerland; and one of his best works, "The Improvisatore," a series of scenes full of poetic interest, was the fruit of a visit to Italy. He visited the Count of Denmark, by special invitation, in 1844, and the following year was given an annuity which placed him in comfortable circumstances. Anderson's works have all been translated into all European languages. His "Dying Child" has been translated into the language of Greenland. On his 70th birthday he was presented with a book containing one of his tales in 15 different languages. He died in the year 1875.—E. P. D., Blanchard, Mich.

"Inquisitive," I think you will find the best time to set strawberries is in the Spring, but with good plants, good luck can be had by setting in August or September. I always plant in the Spring, as I think they do a great deal better.—WM. WICKHAM, Adrian, Mich.

Someone asked for a recipe for taking iron rust out of white muslin. Take common rhubarb and table salt and pound up together. Apply to the muslin where the stain is, and then lay the piece in the sun. Keep applying the rhubarb and salt until the rust disappears. It will take it all out.

I received that grand old riddle with many thanks to writer.—GOOSE-QUILL KATE, Harrisville, Ind.

"Little Clipper," elder flowers can be dried for future use by simply tying in bunches and hanging in a warm, dry place. The story, "Throne and Scaffold," I have complete, with the exception of one or two chapters that failed to come. I cut it out and pasted it in a scrap-book.

"Ida," I think if your friend loves beautiful thoughts and reading that can be read more than once you had better get for him Bickersteth's "Yesterday, To-day and Forever."

"Cornecracker," don't can corn and lose it; nor yet dry it. I read last year how to pack corn down in salt and tried a small pot, and that is my way of putting away corn after this. It kept so well, and when freshened and dressed as new corn it was almost as good, and saved so much hard work, dirt and flies in the house.

"Subscriber," I saw a lady this Spring put away hams for Summer use by wrapping well in paper, then sewing cloth tightly outside and they kept very well. They can be buried in grain or wrapped in paper and buried in salt or wood ashes. I make scrap-book paste from corn starch the same as for clothes. Insects can be kept out of bedsteads by filling every crack and hole with lard or tallow. Also by varnishing them in.—JERUSHA.

Someone wanted a cure for asthma. Here is one. In a quart of apple brandy put as much common salt as will dissolve. Take 1 tablespoonful just before each meal or less as suits the case. Every one must be governed by himself to the quantity taken, as one law will not suit every case. This is given as a certain cure but I cannot vouch for it.

"Sue" asks how often she would have to spat her neck with cold water to cure goiter. Two or three times a day until cured. I think it the best plan to save recipes from the HOUSEHOLD for then we do not have to call for the same thing so many times.—SISTER, Waukon, Ia.

To the one afflicted with quinsy. I had it twice a year from childhood. It was caused by scarlet fever. Ten years ago I met a homeopathic physician who said need not have it and gave me medicine and now when I feel it coming on I take his medicine and am soon well.—H. W. H.

Recipes.

Pie for Emergency.—One cupful raisins chopped fine, 1 cupful bread crumbs, 1 cupful butter, ½ cupful vinegar, 1 cupful water, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 of cloves; boil together, 1 cupful sugar. It is not a bad pie. This amount will make three pies. The crust should be very short.—M. S.

Lemonade.—Roll the lemons on the table until they are very soft, or squeeze them in a squeezer, or with a clothes-pin. Next pour over them a small quantity of boiling water, peels and juice. When this cools strain it off, and add enough water and pounded ice to give it the right flavor, and sweeten to taste. Boiling hot water draws the oil out of the lemon peel, and gives it a higher flavor. A tablespoonful of cream of tartar, dissolved in the boiling water, will make the lemonade more cooling to the blood.—ESPRESSA.

Graham Unfermented Bread.—Take 1½ pts. of Graham flour, ½ pt. flour. 1 tablespoonful sugar, 3 teaspoonfuls salt, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1½ pts. milk or equal parts of milk and water. Sift together Graham flour, flour, sugar, salt and powder and add the milk and mix rapidly into a soft dough. Pour this into a greased baking tin; bake in a rather hot oven 40 minutes. Protect first 15 minutes with paper.

Sponge Cake.—Take 2 cupfuls sugar, eggs, 1 cupful flour, 1 teaspoonful powder, a pinch of salt, 1 teaspoonful lemon. Whip sugar and eggs together until thick and white. Add flour, sifted with powder and salt and lemon. Mix together quickly. Line pans with buttered paper and put in a hot oven for 34 minutes.—BATCHER.

Asparagus Omelet.—Asparagus, salt and pepper; butter; 6 eggs; 6 teaspoonfuls of milk. Boil the asparagus, cut in half-inch pieces; put this on the stove to keep warm. Beat 2 eggs thoroughly, and add the milk, 1 saltspoonful of salt, and a pinch of pepper. Brown 2 tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan; pour the eggs in, and as soon as it sets on the edges turn them up, and shake to keep from sticking. It will cook in five minutes. Put in the asparagus, double the omelet, and serve at once on a hot dish.

Butterless Sauce.—One egg beaten separately, and white added just before serving, ¼ cupful of sugar, and a pinch of salt; flavor with vanilla.—ESDRA.

Sugar Crackers.—Four lbs. flour; ½ lb. loaf sugar; ½ lb. butter; 1½ pts. water. Mix, roll thin and cut.

Ginger Bread.—One qt. pure Orleans molasses; 1 teaspoonful ginger. Put into the flour ½ pt. sweet milk; ¼ lb. butter. Put in a vessel and let it come to a boil. Stir in 1 teaspoonful of soda and work into the flour quickly. Let it stand over night. Roll and bake in loaves. This is splendid.

Sour Cake.—Take 1½ cupfuls sugar; 1 cupful flour; 8 eggs, whites only; juice of 1 lemon, or 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar; 1 teaspoonful soda.

Scalloped Tomatos.—Peel and cut as many tomatos as you want. Cut into slices and put into a deep cooking dish, first a layer of tomatos then a layer of bread crumbs. Season with pepper and salt; cover and bake.—WILLIE.

Molasses Cookies.—These are very good and cheap. Take 1 cupful molasses; 1 cupful sugar; 1 cupful shortening; ½ cupful hot water; 1 tablespoonful saleratus; 2 teaspoonfuls ginger.—Mix very soft.—NINA B.

Marble Cake.—White part.—Take 1½ cupfuls white sugar, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful butter, 2½ cupfuls flour, whites of 5 eggs 1 large teaspoonful yeast powder. Flavor with lemon. Brown part.—Take ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful sugar; ½ cupful milk, 1 cupful molasses; 2½ cupfuls flour; yolks of 5 eggs, 1 teaspoonful yeast powder; 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon and 1 of cloves.

Caramel Cake.—Take 2 eggs; 1 cupful sugar, ½ cupful butter; ½ cupful milk; ½ teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful cream of tartar; 2 cupfuls flour. For the caramel.—Take 2 cupfuls sugar; ½ cupful milk; lump of butter the size of an egg. Boil 10 minutes; beat till almost cold, and flavor with vanilla.—HETTY.

For Scarlet Fever.—Give the patient warm lemonade with gum arabic dissolved in it. Put a cloth wrung out in hot water upon the stomach. Remove often.—A SUB.

For Tetter.—Soap must not be used to wash with, but clear warm water to moisten and soften. Apply, after washing, soap in Hal says he looks just like the pictures of hand and rub it in. Then wash off with soft Santa Claus.

For Cholera.—People are sometimes attacked with this disease when no physician is available, but there can be no fatal result if the patient can be kept warm outside and reasonably cool within. Hot blankets, hot baths, hot bricks in bed, ice given inwardly, if it agrees, and similar treatment. This breaks up diftheria if used at once.—PEARL.

Alcohol for Burns.—The most cleanly dressing for a burn or scald is to soak a soft piece of fabric with alcohol, lay it over the burn and then cover it with cotton or finely picked oakum. It may be thought that alcohol applied to a burn will produce more pain, but try it, and you will be agreeably surprised to observe how quickly it will allay the pain. Subsequently disturb the dressing as little as possible; wet the dressing occasionally with alcohol, and the result you will find better than by any other method.—HARVEY ELLIOTT.

Death to Bed Bugs.—Put ½ pt. soft soap in a tin can, cut in a good quantity of plug tobacco, and if soap is very thick add a little water. Boil well, wash the bedstead well in cold water, then apply to every crevice with a feather.—R. H. M.

It is well understood by the community that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder has constituted for years past one of the special domestic staples. It is unquestionably, if the opinions of chemists, physicians and all classes of consumers are worthy of acceptance, the purest and best Baking Powder ever placed in our market.

Our Young Folks

For the Blade Young Folks.

PRUDENCE HOPKINS' PRISONER.

BY ELLA GUERNSEY.

Our heroine, Prudence Hopkins, a tall, buxom, dark-eyed girl of 19, kept house for her older brother and a little sister.

The three orphans had a small house, surrounded on three sides by forest trees, and Rufus Hopkins, the brother, had by hard work managed to keep a home and earn a support for his sisters.

The day of which we write was a dreary, dark, December one in 1779; the snow had fallen fast and furious all day long.

Some months before Rufus had gone to fight for a freeman's right, leaving Prudence to do the rough, hard farm work, which the brave girl did without an uncomplaining word.

He had left a well stored barn, and Prudence suddenly remembered at the close of the dreary day, that she had forgotten to house the sheep, or give "Prince," the faithful horse, his supper, and that it was milking time.

Little Hope was fast asleep in her little cot, so, taking the milk pail, she started to the barn, looking back as she went at the bright fire in the great, wide fire-place.

"Oh, I can't, I can't do without Rufus. I'd rather be oppressed by old England and have my brother, than to be free without him," and she burst into a fit of sobbing.

"And is it so, Mistress Prudence? How brave a certain body was, when she sent her brother to fight the red coats, and now she sings another strain, eh, my dear?" chuckled old Grandsire Troxall, a notorious Tory and queer man, who was passing by.

"

HOP BITTERS.

PSALMS.

[REVISED.]

HEAR this, all ye people, and give ear all ye *heralds* of the world, Hop Bitters will make you well and to rejoice.

2. It shall cure all the people and put sickness and suffering *under* foot.

3. Be thou not *afraid* when your family is sick, or you have Bright's disease or Kidney Complaint, for Hop Bitters will cure you.

4. Both low and high, rich and poor, know the value of Hop Bitters for bilious, nervous and *Rheumatic* complaints.

5. Cleanse me with Hop Bitters and I shall have robust and blooming health.

6. Add disease upon disease, and let the worst come, I am safe if I use Hop Bitters.

7. For all my life have I been plagued with *sickness* and sores, and not until a year ago was I cured, by Hop Bitters.

8. He that keeps the his bones from aching from Rheumatism and Neuralgia, with Hop Bitters, doeth wisely.

9. Though thou hast sores, pimples, freckles, salt rheum, erysipelas, blood poisoning, yet Hop Bitters will *remove* them all.

10. What woman is there, feeble and sick, from female complaints, who desireth not health and uses Hop Bitters, and is *made well*.

11. Let not neglect to use Hop Bitters during on serious Kidney and Liver complaint.

12. Keep thy tongue from being furred, thy blood pure, and thy stomach from indigestion by using Hop Bitters.

13. All my pains, and aches and disease go like chaff before the wind when I use Hop Bitters.

14. Mark the man who *was nearly* dead, and given up by the doctors after using Hop Bitters and becometh well.

15. Cease from worrying about nervousness, general debility and urinary trouble, for Hop Bitters will restore you.

VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]

Mrs. Hibbert:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend" of her sex, as some of her correspondents have called her. She is so constantly devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at relief from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of its claims.

On account of its well-known merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhea, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Flooding, all Displacements, and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing, as above, Mrs. Pinkham, with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed as also their testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are the best in the world for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier acts directly on its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

All must respect her as an Angel of Mercy whose sole ambition is to do good to others.

Philadelphia, Pa. (2) Mrs. A. M. D.

SAMARITAN NERVINE.

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits. (2) Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness. Nervous Headache. It instantly relieves and cures. Cleanses blood and quickens sluggish circulation. Neutralizes germs of disease and cures sickness. Cures ... clear like of the sky. Purifies ... their ... Cures the feat ... SAID ... ing the cause. Roses billows tendencies and makes clear complexion. Equalled by none in the delirium of fever. A charming resolvent and a matchless laxative. It drives Sick Headache like the wind. Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates. Relieves ... THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR the brain of morbid fancies. Promptly cures Rheumatism by reaching it. Restores life-giving properties to the blood. Is guaranteed to cure all nervous disorders. Invaluable when all opiates fail. Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body. Cures dyspepsia or money refunded.

NEVER FAILS

Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror. Endorsed in writing by over fifty thousand leading citizens, clergymen, lawyers and doctors in U. S. and Europe.

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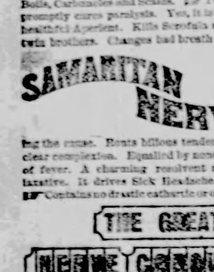
BENSON'S SKIN CURE.



Thousands of testimonials to prove the above assertions. We give a sample:

"*Had Neuralgia and Sick Headache for years. Shiloh's Cure and Celery Pills did not cure, but your Celery Pills did.*"—S. G. Hartung, Canstown, O.

AGUE CURE.

AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

CLAIMS for Horses Lost by Officers and Soldiers while in service can be collected under recent act of Congress, by applying immediately. GEO. W. TALLMADGE, Attorney, Washington, D. C., who has had 21 years experience, and recommended as reliable by Wm. Lloyd, late Solicitor of the U. S. Treasury. Also prosecutes Pension Claims.

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions, answers, and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Rust and Smut in Wheat.

The following paper on rust and smut in wheat was, by request of the Onondaga County (New York) Farmers' Club, prepared for and read before a meeting of that Club by Charles E. Slocum, M. D., Ph. D., of Defiance, O.

The interest and importance of the subject and the meager information of an authentic character concerning it, warrant the reproduction of the address for our numerous readers:

All mankind admire the beauty of flowing plants.

To those who give range to their admiration and take up the systematic study of botany, surprise follows surprise at the great number of species, genera and families, and at the perfection of the plan for their propagation, as well as at the secrets of their life-history and the number and variety of properties which are hidden from the casual observer.

But it is only when the botanist turns his attention to that department which has until recently been a sealed book of unknown quantity—eriptogamic botany—that he begins to realize, in something of a full sense, the mysterious wonders of Nature. Myriads of forms of marvelous beauty, such as the older botanists never caught sight of, are by means of the modern microscope made plain to the view so that it is now possible to read and understand the life-history of many plants that are the worst enemies we have to guard against, and of others that we may desire to cultivate for their beauty or general interest. This grand division of botany may conveniently be sub-divided into three classes, viz:

1. Acrogens or vascular cryptogams, comprising the families of the most highly organized of the non-flowering plants, as ferns, scouring rushes, some of the extinct fossil plants, etc. The mosses and liverworts may also be here named though classed by some in separate sub-divisions.

2. Thallogens or cellular plants. In this class are included the most in number and, all things considered, the most interesting of the cryptogamous growths. They possess no roots, stems or foliage, as such. Under this heading are classed the lichens, fungi, and algæ—"seaweeds" and certain fresh-water plants.

3. Protophytes. In this class are included all the lowest forms of the vegetable world, being largely plants of but one cell and with the power of motion. To some of the orders of this subdivision are mainly due the confusion which arose among botanists and zoologists a few years since and necessitated the revision of the definition of the words "plant" and "animal;" it being for some time a warmly debated question whether certain of these plants should or should not remain in the animal kingdom as before classed. Even yet they are sometimes called animalcules, particularly by those who are slow to believe that nothing but an animal can move about in search of food when hungry.

Cryptogamic botany being a science of recent growth and not yet fully developed, and, withal, so exceedingly extensive and complex in some of its orders, it is to be expected that some confusion will exist in the classification and naming of some of the species—even among some quite well understood.

The species which most interest us at this meeting belong to the second sub-division as named above, and to the family of fungi. But a few years ago the term fungi was used to designate only the mushrooms, and by some only the species of this interesting group then known as edible.

To give you some means of comparison by which to understand the great extent and importance of this national order of cellular plants as now understood, I will repeat the statement made by an eminent English mycologist, "that with a liberal allowance for hair-splitting," the number of British species of flowering plants scarcely more than equals the number of fungi alone." What, then, must be the conclusion concerning the entire cryptogamia in compari on with the phanerogamia, or flowering plants?

This class of plants (fungi) is an evil one to farmers and to all mankind, for here are found the so-called mildews, molds, and the various blights, whose influence is felt, not only in the growth of the fruit and product of the farm, but, also, in other ways to the direct detriment of animal life.

In the discussion of your experiences and observations relating to parasitic growths on wheat at your last meeting, I noticed that you used only the word *smut*, which, to the mycologist, applies with most propriety to the simplest, and most harmless in aggregate results, of the three species of fungi, which you evidently included in your meaning.

The term smut may with propriety be restricted to that black, impalpable dust which takes possession of—and generally completely destroys—here and there an ear of grain, but not enough in the aggregate to often be of much annoyance; in fact, some farmers have often been heard to declare that they "liked to see a little of it, because its presence proves the general excellence of the whole crop." Most persons, however, will think this deduction not well founded.

The "smut" is designated by the generic name of *ustilago*—that growing on wheat as *Ustilago segetum*, and that affecting Indian corn or maize as *Ustilago maydis*; it has also been called "dust-brand," "blackhull," and "chimney-sweeper."

The second species of parasitic affection of growing wheat, of which I will speak, is generally known as "rust." The more indefinite term of "mildew" has also been applied to it.

This is a more complex species of vegetable growth and often much more injurious to the crop affected than the "smut." It presents three forms during the wheat's growth and ripening, both of which have received names.

It generally first appears on the leaves in June, and is readily distinguished by its reddish-yellow and yellowish-red colors. At this stage of its growth it has received the botanical name of *Trichobasis subigenera*. In the latter part of July, or first part of August, brown spots appear, increase in number, and, later, may present quite a dark appearance, suggesting perhaps to those who have not studied the growth of the two carefully, an identity with the species first named (*Uslilago segetum*). The brown or Autumn stage of this fungus was named *Puccinia graminis* by those who first scientifically examined it, they thinking it not only a different species, but even a member of another genus—the microscopical difference being greater than that apparent to the unaided vision. But later studies, beginning in the early Summer, and following it through to the Autumn, demonstrate the *Trichobasis rubigo-vera* and the *Puccinia graminis* to be in reality one and the same plant, and the changes which take place in it be what has become known to students of the lower orders as dimorphism.

We have in the animal kingdom illustrations of this law, visible to the unaided vision, in the changes which insects undergo in their development.

The third form of wheat pest to which I will call your attention is quite different from those named above, and when present in any considerable quantity is the most injurious of all. It's more common names are "bunt," "bladder-brand," and "stinking-rust," while it is known to the fungologist as *Tilletia carics*.

This is probably the most insidious foe known to that cereal which has been recognized from time immemorial as the king above all others—wheat. There is nothing in the appearance of the leaves, straw, or ear, of the growing grain to tell of its existence and destructive growth; and if an ear be shelled before ripe the kernels themselves present a plump, green appearance, distinguishable from sound ones only by close comparison when viewed exteriorly. It is only when the kernels are broken open that the enemy is exposed to view as a dark-feted mass occupying (affecting) the whole farinaceous part of the kernel.

All three of the species above named may possibly be found growing in the same field at the same time—sometimes one predominating and again another.

What is the cause of this? Whence are they propagated? These are questions which our grandfathers and all before them asked without receiving an intelligent answer; and such would have continued to be the result but for the improved microscope and its employment in the study of the life-history of this order of plants known as the sub-order *entomycetes* or dust-bearing fungi.

The part of a flowering plant called a seed is the analog of that part of the non-flowering plants known as a spore.

The sooty dust (smut) which is seen in large balls occupying the place where an ear of grain would have ripened but for it; and the "rust" which adheres to your hands and clothes when passing through an affected wheat field, and, also, the dark mass found inside the kernel of wheat (bunt) are each and all composed (mainly) of spores possessing the power to reproduce their kind under favorable conditions.

When exhibited under a microscope the spores of the several species of fungi are seen to vary from each other not only in color but in general appearance and size, those of "smut" being the smallest of the species above named. It has been estimated that it would require eight millions of these spores to cover a square inch of space and over seventy millions to fill a cubic inch. With such innumerable quantities of these small bodies as the different genera of fungi produce, it is not difficult to understand the fact of their universal dissemination during the Summer and Autumn. Their presence can be demonstrated everywhere—even the centertable in your parlor and the pail of water in your kitchen are not free from them. It has been thought quite impossible to wholly guard against some of the common molds which the housekeeper so dislikes to see, from the fact that the spores insinuate themselves into the most carefully guarded vessels, either during the manipulation necessary to the filling and closing, or afterwards.

Happily for mankind, most of the spores from fungi, like other wind-sown germs, do not find fertile lodgment. Still their range for propagation is very extensive. All the grains and the grasses of your fields; all of the vegetables of your gardens; the weeds which are too often permitted to grow by the roadside and in fence corners and pastures, and all other forms of growing vegetation, also decaying leaves, wood, etc., as well, are affected with vegetable parasites belonging to the family of fungi.

Like other vegetable growths they flourish in the where the soil is most fertile, and, as you have observed, wet and warm seasons are most favorable for them.

Some scientific experiments have been made to determine what can be done by farmers toward the prevention of the growth of parasites most injurious to cereals, and it was found that caustic soda would prevent the germination of the spores. For the purpose of testing this alkali in its general application, the grain for seeding was first soaked in a strong solution of sulphate of soda (Glauber's salt), the fluid poured off—for many of the spores rise to the top—and the kernels enveloped with a coating of quicklime to displace the sulphuric acid of the solution with which they were wet.

A solution of chloride of sodium (common salt) may be used for the same purpose, though theoretically it is not so desirable as the Glauber. This process has, without doubt, been repeated with good results, and should be continued; but enough has been said to show that with all these precautions the parasites may be propagated from spores which have formed a temporary lodgment in places other than on the kernels of the grain.

I would also suggest that all compost heaps about the barns and fields be covered with quicklime and then drenched with a solution of one of the salts above-named; also that all straw that is in the least affected be burned as soon as it is dry enough to burn rapidly.

Undoubtedly much more than this will be done by the farmer of the future to protect his crops from these and other parasites. He will probably give attention to the soil itself and prevent its nurturing and spreading the mycelium of those species which there find a fruitful home.

All crops of wheat should be carefully examined for "bunt." This can be done before the crop is gathered by bybruising the grain taken from heads in different parts of the field, or, better after the crop is gathered, by having a considerable quantity of the grain floured and watching the result. Whenever this fungus is found to any considerable extent the grain should be carefully destroyed, for it is unfit, even dangerous, for food—should not be fed to stock even, and he would be a reckless farmer who would use it for seed when aware of its character.

There are other species of fungi that affect growing wheat, but they are not so commonly seen as the species under discussion. *

You will readily accord with the statement that a class of parasites so detrimental to man as some of the fungi are, should be better and more generally understood.

In closing, I will give the following synopsis of this subject, as now understood, as an answer in a general way to the question under discussion:

First—That the smut, rust and bunt of growing wheat are vegetable parasites, and belong to the family of fungi among non-flowering plants.

Second—That the dust (spores) from these growths is disseminated by the wind, and has the power of reproducing each its kind whenever it finds lodgment favorable for its germination.

Third—That with our present knowledge of the subject, no means of universal prevention are practicable save those attending watchful and tidy farming, and the use of caustic soda in affected districts whecever the spores are supposed to exist.

The Best Fencing.

The best fence for general purposes, says a Missouri correspondent of the *Cultivator*, where certain work is of no consideration, is composed of posts, common split rails and barbed wire. The posts are the same as for the other fences, but they are set nine feet four inches apart. The rails are cut 10 feet long with a cross-cut saw, and split as much like slabs as possible. These rails, without any trimming except a little at each end, when they are too thick for a tenpenny nail, are nailed with the thin sides on alternate sides of the posts. This is done so that the rails of each panel are out of the way of the rails of the next panel. By this method the rails can be nailed just as close together as desired, and all openings can be made pretty close, even when they are too thick for a tenpenny nail. I have tried to nail both ends of the rails on the same side of the two posts, and notwithstanding much time and labor was spent in trying to make a close fence, I had to give it up as a failure, and adopted that just described. Four rails are nailed as close as desired, at the bottom, then three strands of barbed wire at the top. This fence can be made by the hands on the farm, and where there is timber on the place, all that is wanted is wire, nails and staples. If everything has to be purchased, it will cost per mile:

587 posts delivered, 10 cents	$ 58 70
2,500 rails, $1.50 per 100 delivered	37 50
100 pounds tenpenny nails, 4½	4 50
20 pounds staples, 10 cents	2 00
587 panels, putting up, 8 cents each	46 96
1,000 pounds painted barbed wire, 8 cents	75 00
	$224 66

If the timber is on the farm, costing nothing but the labor, then the cost per mile would be:

587 posts, 3 cents each	$ 17 61
2,500 rails, 75 cents per 100	18 75
100 pounds nails, 4½ cents	4 50
100 pounds staples, 10 cents	2 00
Labor, putting up	24 00
1,000 pounds painted barbed wire	75 00
	$141 86

An Old Farmer's Slate.

Writing about improvements reminds me that a farmer does not always think of what is needful, and may be done when leisure time occurs, and it recalls to my mind the practice of a large and successful farmer, who at his death left his affairs in a prosperous condition and his premises in complete order. His neighbors often wondered at the ease with which he conducted his operations. He never hurried, but the right thing was always done at the right time, and his work never lagged. The improvement he made was in odd spells when the routine of regular farm work was broken by rainy weather, or after finishing the work on a crop, and while waiting for another to get to the proper stage. He kept a large slate hanging in the kitchen where all his workmen could see it, and whenever a job occurred to him he noted it on the slate. For instance, some of his entries run thus:—"Make a grate for the brook." "Clean the out the open ditch in the wheat field;" "Lay a new floor on the scaffold over the barn floor;" "Bury the large stone in the middle lot;" "Get some whitened trees to mill for making garden fence pickets;" "Plant shade trees along the road side;" "Dig the alders out of the fence corners, and look after the wild mustard that came up where the thrashing machine stood in the field last year." In this way his slate was filled, and if a leisure half day occurred his men all had plenty of work, and if the master happened to be absent the slate told the workmen what to do. After a time it was his custom to lay out the day's work on the slate each evening previous, and when a job was finished the record was erased. To get the slate clean was the ambition of the workmen.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Michigan Prohibitionists.

DETROIT, Aug. 15.—The Prohibition State Convention met to-day at Eaton Rapids. They voted to raise $100,000 as a campaign fund, endorsed the platform of the National Convention at Chicago, declared in favor of constitutional and statutory prohibition of the manufacture of liquor as a beverage, arraigned the Republican party for bad faith in not submitting the question to the people, and declared that the party is incompetent to deal with the liquor question.

* We are persuaded that the ancient Hermes, with all the subtle art and natural resources of the Alchemists, was a very poor doctor compared with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Hermes may have been after all only a clever practitioner of the Black Art; but we know there is no humbug in the pharmaceutical chemistry of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

News of the Week

The Presidential Party.

CAMP STAGER, Wy., Aug. 13.—It was determined last night to move our camp this morning a few miles to where there would be more abundant grazing for horses and mules. Accordingly at 6:30 every one was in saddle and started up the valley on the right bank of Wind river. The rain of yesterday the trail was in splendid condition for comfort and marching. The sun was obscured by clouds, and with the temperature below 50 degrees all day our short journey would not be wished at an end. An hour's travel over hills, and the rolling land of Wind river was reached at a point where it passes through gorgeous masses of rocks, known as the Red buttes. The first crossing was made by fording in a diagonal direction up stream, where the water was so rapid in its flow that one's neighbor seemed to be moving up the river with the speed of a running horse. Soon by a short ford the river was re-crossed, and at the end of another mile the western boundary of the Shoshone Reservation was reached. From this point our travel was very interesting, but not so difficult. The journey was over a series of lofty divides to escape the precipitous banks of small streams flowing from the mountains into the river. In descending one of these it was necessary to dismount and lead the horses. On the highest divide we halted to take in the beautiful view, covering scores of miles up and down the river, with the snow-covered peaks of the Shoshone Mountains in front of us and those of the Wind River Mountains at our backs. Here we took our last look at the great land of Mark Crow Heart Butte, 30 miles away, which had been in view since leaving Fort Washakie. Wallowing Buffalo, one of our Arapahoe guides, tells us that it gets its name after a great battle between the Shoshones and Crows many years ago. The victory of the Shoshones was celebrated by burying the hearts of the dead Crows in the summit of the butte.

After a ride of 12 miles we reached the banks of the same beautiful lakes, which are called after Capt. Terry, formerly an officer of the army, but now owning large cattle herds on a range near by. The lakes are said to abound in large trout, and we expect to spend to-morrow fishing. Game is not very abundant in this neighborhood, but our hunters brought in two antelopes yesterday, and a few mountain grouse were killed on this march to-day. Shoshone Dick, a white member of the tribe, who was captured, probably from an emigrant train when so young as to have lost all recollection of the event, is one of our Indian party. He has gone off to look for signs of game, and we hope for a good report from him. Our camp is named Camp Stager, in honor of Gen. Anson Stager, of Chicago.

CAMP BISHOP, Aug. 15.—The President and party are encamped at the forks of Wind River, upon the same ground occupied last year by Gen. Sheridan. We remain to-day for the purpose of affording an opportunity for the various members of the party to hunt and fish, and to arrange pack loads. This is our supply camp, whence we have to take on packs of rations and forage enough to last through to the Park.

At the present moment, while writing this dispatch, all members of the party have gone out hunting or fishing. The President, who is in fine health and spirits, has gone on horseback with Gen. Sheridan about three miles up the main fork of Wind River to where last evening the President caught some fine trout.

The march of 19 miles from Camp Satger to this point, led us through the beautiful scenery of upper Wind River, whose gorgeously colored and fantastically shaped mountains alternate with those which are covered with grassy slopes and timbered ravines.

The weather was delightful, and the march thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. Three antelope, a bear, several grouse and a rabbit were brought into camp last evening, so there is at present no immediate danger of starvation.

CAMP ARTHUR, Grosventor River, Wyo. Aug. 19.—At 6:30 this morning the President and party mounted their horses and started from Camp Isham. They marched down the valley to the Continental Divide, crossing that stream to the north side about 10 miles from our camp of last night. Thence the trail led away from the river through the canon and over mountains of considerable elevation, although the grades were not very steep. After marching about 15 miles the party arrived at Lawmesa, on the river, which was so attractive that the whole party voted we should remain there to-night. In honor of the President Gen. Sheridan has called the camp "Camp Arthur." Shortly after the arrival rods and fishing tackle were put in shape and the party went fishing. Gen. Stager made the largest catch, Sen. Vest second and the President third. Capt. Clark came in this evening from a two days' hunt after elk and bear. He had but little success. All the party are well enjoying the fishing, hunting and mountain air with the keenest zest.

Virginia Republicans in Convention.

RICHMOND, Aug. 15.—The Republican Straight-out Convention met to-day. The platform adopted favors strict adherence to Republican principles and a protective tariff; endorses James G. Blaine for the Presidency; condemns the action of the Administration when they are too thick for a tenpenny nail, are nailed with the thin sides on alternate sides of the posts. This is done so that the rails of each panel are out of the way of the rails of the next panel. By this method the rails can be nailed just as close together as desired, and all openings can be made pretty close, even when they are too thick for a tenpenny nail. I have tried to nail both ends of the rails on the same side of the two posts, and notwithstanding much time and labor was spent in trying to make a close fence, I had to give it up as a failure, and adopted that just described. Four rails are nailed as close as desired, at the bottom, then three strands of barbed wire at the top. This fence can be made by the hands on the farm, and where there is timber on the place, all that is wanted is wire, nails and staples. If everything has to be purchased, it will cost per mile:

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A Cyclone at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Aug. 15.—A cyclone swept through this City this afternoon. The G. T., Va. & Ga. and the Alabama & Great Southern depots were unroofed. A large number of buildings were unroofed and several were blown down. Flying timber seriously injured J. H. Jennings, going through a box car before it struck him. There were several other casualties. A heavy hail storm prevailed at the time. One person was killed and many injured. Only one telegraph wire out of the City remains intact. The telegraph business of the entire South is delayed here, and business is seriously interrupted.

A great many people are leaving town for the Summer. Don't think your outfit complete until you have furnished yourself with a box of Pacific Liver Pills. Change of climate often brings on all the troubles arising from a disordered liver, such as neuralgia, rheumatism, and many other ills.

The Senate Labor Committee.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The United States Senate Sub-Committee on Labor and Education, continued its session to-day. Mrs. L. E. Twitchell, of Brooklyn, testified that she was formerly President of the Workingwomen's Association in San Francisco, and also of the Female Shoemakers' Association. She had been a member of various other trade organizations. She said there were many women who had been brought up in comfort, and who were now unable to make enough to support themselves. There were at least 5,000 women in New York and Brooklyn who would be glad to obtain work at any price. This had been the case ever since immigration had grown to its present proportions, and it would continue as long as immigration was unrestricted.

Trades Unions are also the means of preventing many women from obtaining work, as it was the policy of the Unions to restrict the number of its members. Labor in this City was controlled by Trades Unions, and it was the object of the leaders of the Union to create a corner in labor until they could get places for themselves, and then desert their followers. The Government, she thought, should assist the unemployed classes to go where they could obtain employment. There was a surplus only existed in the large and crowded centers of population, in the East, and the witness thought if they were assisted to go West the pressure would be relieved.

Witness advocated the establishment of schools of domestic economy for the benefit of poor people, and the taking of steps to elevate the condition of the class of indolent, lazy paupers that infest the large Cities.

A Young Lady's Adventure With a Snake.

WOMELSDORF, Aug. 14.—Miss Brooks, a respectable young lady, and daughter of a truck farmer at Sheridan, two miles from here, on the Lebanon Valley Railroad, met with a startling adventure while out walking in the woods with a female companion. The story of their wonderful escape is vouched for by the best citizens in the place. While the two ladies were promenading in a secluded spot in the forest Miss Brooks suddenly experienced a heavy pressure around her waist, which increased to such an extent as to almost deprive her of breath. She cried out from pain, and her companion sprang to one side. Then Miss Brooks put her hand to her waist, and she discovered a thick and heavy coil underneath her light evening costume. Immediately thereafter the two were horrified by a description upon seeing the head of a snake protruding from the folds of the dress, its horrible fangs darting in every direction. With rare presence of mind Miss Brooks companion seized hold of the former's dress and pulled the skirt from her body. A huge black snake was found coiled around her waist. It immediately dropped to the ground and disappeared in some dense underbrush. The ladies say that it must have been fully six feet in length. It must have been lying in their path, and as they passed along worked itself up the young woman's underclothing, and found a comfortable resting place around her waist. Upon reaching home Miss Brooks was so overcome that she fainted.

Remarkable Surgical Cases.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 17.—A well known physician has had two remarkable surgical cases within the past 10 days. On Tuesday week a young lady living on Girard avenue, near Twenty-first street, called at his office suffering from an obstruction in her throat. The doctor removed a large, double-pointed tack, similar in form to those used for fastening down matting. The prince with the barbs that caught and retained their hold upon the flesh. He had no idea where the dangerous tack came from. On Monday morning another case came under his notice, that of Mrs. Ellen Brady, No. 726 West street. Her experience explained the mystery. She had been eating cold boiled beef on Sunday night, and the hooks in the meat becoming fixed in her epiglottis, she suffered terrible agony all night. In the morning she went to the doctor, thinking she had swallowed a sharp-pointed bone. Specimens of these barbed hooks have been obtained, and the Times prints a fac-simile of them. Several butchers who were seen admit the use of the outrageous invention, and insist that people must chew their food instead of bolting it.

Failure of an Ohio National Bank.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Aug. 17.—The Second National bank of Warren, O., closed its doors this afternoon. The cashier, Kirtland Mayfitch, confessed he had lost about $80,000 in stock speculation in New York. Bank Inspector A. Ellis, jr., of Cincinnati, is here to-night, and, after making an inspection to-day, says the bank can pay all depositors in full inside of 30 days, and the stockholders will receive from 30 to 40 per cent. The capital stock of the bank is $100,000, and Cashier Fitch's bond is $20,000. The County Treasurer of Trumbull County had $53,000 on deposit in the broken bank. Inspector Ellis says when he made his last inspection, one year ago, the funds were all right, and that Fitch had lost the entire $80,000 inside of 10 months. The other banks in Warren will be in no way affected by this failure.

Prize Drill and Sham Battle.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 17.—The infantry drills in the free-for-all contest was the feature of the encampment this morning. The Indianapolis Light Infantry took the first prize, $1,500; the Branch Guards, of St. Louis second, $1,000; the Paris, Ill., Light Infantry third, $500. The Louisville Mounted Artillery took the first prize in the mounted artillery drill. This afternoon was devoted entirely to the sham battle, in which all the troops participated, and was witnessed by 20,000 people. The opposing forces were commanded respectively by Gen. Carnahan and Col. Ritter. The latter's forces were fortified, but yielded to Carnahan's troops after a contest of over an hour.

A Disgusted Minister.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—Official advices from Foote, the newly appointed United States Minister to Corea, state that he has taken up his residence in the capital of that little known country, but that life there is attended with many discomforts and privations. The only house he has been able to obtain is a rude one of wood and paper, with paper windows, and is situated in an undesirable locality, in the midst of houses and filth. The climate is marked by great extremes of heat and cold. The only fuel obtainable consists of boughs of fine trees, and everything in the shape of food, except the simplest necessaries of life, has to be brought from abroad.

Yellow Fever at Pensacola.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—Maj. Nicholson, in command of the United States Marine Corps, to-night received the following dispatch from Lieut. Taylor, commanding a detachment of marines at the Pensacola Navy Yard: "One private dead from yellow fever, three in the hospital, two doing well, one very sick. The command is in a new brick building, upper story, cool and healthy. We are strictly quarantined."

The telegraph operator at the navy yard declined to remain longer at his post unless compensated at the rate of $10 per day. The operator's terms were acceded to.

Ex-Sen. Pinchback's Views.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Ex Sen. Pinchback, of Louisiana, is at present stopping at the Hoffman House. He said yesterday: "Pres. Arthur is the favorite of the Republicans of Louisiana for the next President. Sen. Blaine or Gov. Foster have but little chance, as the people are well satisfied with the present Administration." Sen. McDonald, the ex-Senator said, seemed to be the Democratic favorite, and he spoke of him as an exceptionally able and very affable gentleman. Gov. McHenry aspires to another term of office.

Discovery of a Planetoid.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 14.—Prof. Peters announces the discovery at the Litchfield Observatory of a bright planetoid in 21° 20' 48" of right ascension and 12° 29' of south declination. He writes: "It is bright as a star of the ninth magnitude, and its extraordinary quick motion of 36' retrograde in right ascension and of 21' to the south per day indicates that it must be a comparative small distance from the earth."

Paying for His Whisky.

ERIE, Aug. 13.—A pauper named Andrew J. Chan, who died at the alms-house to-day, aged 54, drew up a will yesterday bequeathing his body to Dr. Chase, of Corry, in payment for several jugs of whisky which the doctor had furnished him with during his life time.

Hanlan's Race.

STERLING, Mass., Aug. 17.—Hanlan won his race in the regatta in Lake Washaticum to-day; time, 13:40; Hosmer second, 13:43; Lee third, 13:45½.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer

It is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggists for it. Each bottle is warranted. NORRISON, PLUMMER & CO., Wholesale Agents, Chicago, Ills., and C. S. CRITTENTON, New York.

Death of Jere. Black.

YORK, Pa., Aug. 19.—Judge Jeremiah Black died at 10 minutes past 2 o'clock this morning. Though not unexpected, his death was sudden and was a shock to the community. On Saturday morning he seemed somewhat better, but the improvement was too slight to justify a hope of recovery. An unfavorable change began about 4 in the afternoon and he gradually grew worse but remained conscious almost to the end, and died peacefully.

From the beginning of his illness Judge Black believed he would never recover, and was perfectly resigned. Mrs. Judge Black, Lieut. Gov. Chauncey F. Black and wife, Henry Black, Mr. and Mrs. Hamshy, A. B. Farquhar and Dr. Weisenholder were present. Many telegrams of condolence were received.

The funeral will take place Tuesday. His remains will be interred at Prospect Hill Cemetery. Dr. Powers, of the Christian Church, Washington, will probably officiate at the funeral.

Shortly before Judge Black died he said to his wife: "How can I fear to cross the dark river when my Father waits for me on the other shore," and added: "Would I were as comfortable about all I have unfinished in this world," and then he breathed the following earnest prayer: "O thou beloved and most merciful Father, from whom I had my being, and in whom I ever trusted; if it be Thy will grant that my suffering end and that I be speedily called home to Thee, and Oh, my God, bless and comfort thee, my Mary."

A Baltimore Blackmailer Foiled.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18.—Quite a sensation was occasioned to-day when it became known that an attempt had been made by a young widow well connected to extort $500 from John Henry Keene, a prominent lawyer and a gentleman of large means. A few weeks ago the young woman, who is the daughter of John Cole, a retired merchant, called at Keene's office and secured his services to endeavor to obtain a share of her late husband's estate, which she alleges is kept from her by her husband's children by a former wife. Keene had several interviews with her, but always in the presence of his law student. A few days ago she called and demanded $500

News of the Week

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 16.—On the 26th of last July, Stevens Sayle, a young merchant of Oakland, Miss., 30 miles south of Memphis, was assassinated by an unknown party, who mutilated the remains in a most horrible manner. Suspicion pointed to a negro named Joe Payne, who was arrested yesterday. He made a full confession and it was given out that he would be publicly hanged to-day at noon. The Appeal's Oakland special says: To-day at 2:35 P. M. Joe Payne, colored, was hanged by an almost unanimous vote of 500 to 600 citizens. The proceedings were quiet and business like. Sheriff Pearce made a most eloquent appeal in favor of the law taking its course, but the crime was so revolting, and his confession so so cold and deliberate a murder so clear and satisfactory that the Sheriff was overpowered and relieved of his charge.

A court was at once organized, Hon. J. M. Moore, Mayor of Oakland, presiding, W. N. Fitzgerald and W. V. Moore, attorneys, prosecuted. Payne made a full confession, saying that on the night of the killing he went to the house of Sayle for the purpose of killing him for his money—that he waited there until Sayle came out, when he joined him. They walked about 200 yards, when he knocked him down, cut his throat and threw him in a deep gulley, and left his pockets of money and the store safe keys—then went to the store and got what money was there, amounting in all to about $50.

After the confession, a vote was taken and death by hanging was the verdict of the crowd, who acted as jurors. A gallows was at once erected and the prisoner mounted the scaffold with a firm step. He made a speech, again confessing his guilt, and advised everybody to teach their children to avoid evil thoughts. A black cap was then adjusted, the drop fell, and in 10 minutes he was pronounced dead.

The colored men were as clamorous as the whites for avenging the outrageous crime, and the people think they have done right.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 17.—George Lattipee, colored, residing three miles from this City, this morning shot and mortally killed Alexana Crafiree, his step-father, who with a raised chair threatened to dash out his mother's brains. Lattipee came to the City and gave himself up to the authorities.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 17.—Charles Ingram was probably fatally shot to-night on the street near his residence in the western part of the City, by his brother-in-law, C. W. Richardson. The men have had domestic quarrels for a long time. They met on the street to-night, and after a few words, Richarson put a ball clear through Ingram, entering the left side of the abdomen and coming out at the right.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 15.—About midnight last night Henry L. Young, general agent in this City of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, fatally shot himself at his office, the ball entering the right temple. He died at 3 this morning in the hospital. He had been seen in an intoxicated condition shortly before. A letter was found on his person, purporting to be from a cousin threatening him for improper relations with the writer's wife.

Last night Captain James McDonough was shot by John W. Day in Frank Kelley's saloon, near the City Hospital. McDonough was drunk and came into Day's bedroom in a threatening manner, accusing Day of having robbed him the previous night. Day fired and struck McDonough in the left breast. McDonough two years ago killed a a man named Malloy not far from the present place. McDonough died to-day at the hospital.

HELENA, Aug. 14.—City Marshal E. M. Mooney was assassinated this morning at 2 o'clock by an unknown party. He had gone to the steamer Kate Adams to make an arrest, and on returning to his office, while in the act of opening the door, was shot by the murderer, who evidently had lain in wait for him. Six shots in all were fired. Mooney's pistol had three empty chambers, showing that he had fired twice to kill his murderer. A bullet from the assassin's pistol passed through his left breast, ranging downward, coming out just above the right hip. When found a few moments afterwards he was in a dying condition. No clue to the assassin. The community is greatly excited, as Mooney was a faithful officer and active, having been elected to the position he fills for five consecutive years.

GALVESTON, Aug. 14. — News Luting special: This morning Laurence Denman met Rev. R. G. Sewell on the street, and drawing a 44 calibre navy revolver fired at the minister four times, inflicting wounds which caused death in a short time. The causes leading to the shooting are of a domestic nature and can only be published on the trial of the case. No one blames Denman, and yet Rev. Sewell is regarded as the victim of a conspiracy. He so asserted in his ante-mortem statement. Both parties are highly connected. Sewell was a Methodist clergyman and local agent of the American Bible Society.

DAYTON, Aug. 14.—Charles Kline and John Ryan, charged with attacking William Sandhoff, a resident of Vandalia, and hanging him in the East End, a few nights ago, were tried before Mayor Muller this afternoon and bound over in bail at $500 each. After hearing the testimony of the prosecuting witness Kline acknowledged his guilt and said that he forced Ryan to assist him in committing the crime. Both are professional robbers, Kline having served seven terms in the penitentiary for that offense.

DELAWARE, O., Aug. 14.—Mr. George Heller, a young son of E. M. Heller, contractor and builder, fell from the Jones building to-day, a distance of 30 feet, and sustained fatal injuries. His arm was broken and his head terribly cut, and he received internal injuries.

MERCER, Cal., Aug. 14.—The Yosemite stage was stopped last night by three highwaymen, and the passengers robbed of $800 cash and watches and jewelry.

VICKSBURG, Miss., Aug. 14.—Three fine mules and one horse were stolen from the Asberry camp ground, in the northern part of Monroe County, Ga., during the camp meeting at that place. Four strangers were seen on the camp ground during the day, with good horses, and left after a few words. Richarson put a ball clear through Ingram, entering the left side of the abdomen and coming out at the right.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 13.—About midnight last night Henry L. Young, general agent in this City of the Grand Rapids & Indiana Railroad, fatally shot himself at his office, the ball entering the right temple. He died at 3 this morning in the hospital. He had been seen in an intoxicated condition shortly before. A letter was found on his person, purporting to be from a cousin threatening him for improper relations with the writer's wife.

Last night Captain James McDonough was shot by John W. Day in Frank Kelley's saloon, near the City Hospital. McDonough was drunk and came into Day's bedroom in a threatening manner, accusing Day of having robbed him the previous night. Day fired and struck McDonough in the left breast. McDonough two years ago killed a a man named Malloy not far from the present place. McDonough died to-day at the hospital.

HELENA, Aug. 14.—City Marshal E. M. Mooney was assassinated this morning at 2 o'clock by an unknown party. He had gone to the steamer Kate Adams to make an arrest, and on returning to his office, while in the act of opening the door, was shot by the murderer, who evidently had lain in wait for him. Six shots in all were fired. Mooney's pistol had three empty chambers, showing that he had fired twice to kill his murderer. A bullet from the assassin's pistol passed through his left breast, ranging downward, coming out just above the right hip. When found a few moments afterwards he was in a dying condition. No clue to the assassin. The community is greatly excited, as Mooney was a faithful officer and active, having been elected to the position he fills for five consecutive years.

GALVESTON, Aug. 14. — News Luting special: This morning Laurence Denman met Rev. R. G. Sewell on the street, and drawing a 44 calibre navy revolver fired at the minister four times, inflicting wounds which caused death in a short time. The causes leading to the shooting are of a domestic nature and can only be published on the trial of the case. No one blames Denman, and yet Rev. Sewell is regarded as the victim of a conspiracy. He so asserted in his ante-mortem statement. Both parties are highly connected. Sewell was a Methodist clergyman and local agent of the American Bible Society.

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RICHMOND, Va., Aug. 14.—Some months ago a tall, beautiful and stately-looking brunette appeared in this City, and her loveliness of face and form, together with her refined, aristocratic bearing, attracted general attention, and no little surprise was expressed when it was known that she had gone to a house of ill-fame. She was only 18 years of age, and united to the charm of beauty a quick wit and fine conversational talent, and with these qualifications she specially became the belle in that reckless circle of cyprians with which she had deliberately cast her lot, and was soon the reigning toast among a set of fast men. She was known as Grace Sherwood, and the particulars of her history were a mystery. It was evident she was of good family and well educated, but she was reticent when questioned further. Night before last about 2 o'clock she retired. She was alone, and the door of her room was locked on the inside. She blew in the lamp and it exploded, throwing the burning fluid all over her. She screamed, but could not make herself heard, and her agony was so intense that she sank down in the midst of the fire, which caught the furniture of the room. Passers by saw the flames and rushed in. She was burnt from her feet to her neck, the flames having spared her pretty face. She died last night, after intense suffering, and her funeral took place to-day, the ceremonies being very affecting.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—Federal authorities to-day seized the dresses and other wearing apparel of Mrs. N. A. Kline, on the ground that they had been imported in defiance of the custom laws. The woman has made 20 trips across the ocean, by her own confession, to purchase second-hand dresses from the nobility, and succeeded in having trunks passed free of duty, offering the explanation that the dresses were wearing apparel. Authorities here assert the case is not an isolated one, and have sworn out a warrant for her arrest on the ground of perjury.

DELPHOS, Aug. 14.—The passenger train on the Toledo, Cincinnati & St. Louis road was thrown from the track near Abanaka Station. Engineer Melville Clark is thought to be fatally scalded; no others hurt.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 13.—Albert Anderson, a light mulatto, stabbed and killed Charles Marshall at the Sixth Ward voting precinct, this evening, during the progress of the Republican primary election. Anderson's name was on the ticket, and Marshall began to abuse Anderson for keeping his (Marshall's) name off. Marshall drew a pistol, but before he could use it Anderson stabbed him with a pocket-knife. He died on the way to the hospital. Marshall killed Policeman Karsich three years ago, and a colored man two years before that.

GRAND RAPIDS, Aug. 17.—Benson Bidwell, President of the Union Trust Company, was to-day surrendered over to the authorities by his bondsmen and is now in jail. He is held on a body execution secured against him by Louis Phillips for money paid into the Union Trust Company by him. It is alleged that the Trust Company is a fraudulent concern and it has been blacklisted by the Postoffice. The office goods and chattels are now in the hands of the Sheriff and will be sold to satisfy numerous creditors. Many poor people in all parts of the country will be losers of small sums.

MUSKEGON, Aug. 17.—Alvin Tripp and Frank Paschall were arrested to-day for passing and making counterfeit money. Dies and metal and a number of silver dollars were found in Tripp's house. Considerable of it has been passed here. They will be turned over to the United States authorities.

SCOTTSWOOD, Ala., Aug. 17.—Taylor Banks, colored, was hanged to-day for the murder of Turner Woods in December, 1881. Only 25 persons witnessed the execution, but fully 5,000 came to town. Banks confessed he murdered Woods at the solicitation of the latter's wife. He said he felt sure of going to glory. Mrs. Woods was sent to the penitentiary for life. The victim owned two farms.

LEXINGTON, Aug. 17.—A Daily Press reporter, just back from Winchester, 18 miles from here, says a disastrous accident occurred there at 6:38 A. M. At Winchester Kentucky Central and Chesapeake & Ohio Roads cross. At the hour named a freight train of the Kentucky Central stood directly across the Chesapeake & Ohio track there, a car with 400 kegs of blasting powder being immediately upon the crossing. The Chesapeake & Ohio train ran into this, breaking the car and upsetting several kegs of the powder, which were ignited by sparks from the engine. Perhaps the most terrible explosion in America followed. The debris was thrown so high that it did not come down for fully 10 minutes, and people from five miles in the country rushed in to see if Winchester had suddenly become an Ischia. Conductors McMichael and Martin were injured so seriously that they died soon afterwards, and four other persons were so badly hurt that they may not live. The depot building, eating station, Chesapeake & Ohio engine and three Kentucky Central cars were almost completely wrecked. This is about the most serious railroad accident that ever occurred in Kentucky.

GALVESTON, Aug. 17.—At the preliminary trial of Lawrence Denman for killing the Rev. Mr. Sewell on the 14th inst. A. Heis, the only witness for the prosecution, testified that Sewell was conversing with Denman, the Spanish edition of the Testament. Denman rushed out of a drug store and fired, Sewell falling at the second shot, exclaiming, "Don't shoot." The assailant fired twice again before he was disarmed. For the defense, F. C. Wilkinson's testimony showed that Sewell had caused the following anonymous letter to be written to Denman:

"Look out for a preacher who has black hair, brown beard and an impediment in his speech. If he has not already seduced your wife, he intends to do so, judging by what has been seen and heard by a number of your friends. If you have doubts on the subject, just conceal yourself or come in when when you are not expected. I take this method to save you the mortification of being told of this face to face. You will find me out to be a true friend."

The person referred to in the letter is the Rev. Mr. Blair, Methodist minister of Luling. Witness Addington swore that he undressed the deceased and found a self-cocking five-shooter attached by an elastic to the right arm inside the coat sleeve, so it could easily, by a downward motion, be thrown into the hand. Another witness testified that Sewell, when attacked, threw his arm down and the pistol came out. Denman ejaculated, "You have tried to disgrace my wife," and then fired. The defendant's bail was fixed at $5,000. The public is sympathy with him, and a bond of $100,000 could easily have been secured. Sewell was a native of Georgia, a Methodist minister in good standing, agent of the American Bible Society, an Odd Fellow and a member of the Knights of Honor. Denman was born in Mississippi, a clerk by occupation, and never before had a personal difficulty. The affair is still considerable of a mystery. It is understood that several of the best families in the neighborhood are concerned. The Methodist pastor of Luling has been suspended and silenced.

SELMA, Ind., Aug. 20.—Last night Martimer Hill shot his wife in the breast as she was lying in bed with her babe, then shot himself in the head and through the heart, the latter causing instant death. Hill had been married but a little over a year, and lived unhappily, owing to his habit of drinking. A short time ago he sent his wife to her father's, saying that he could not support her. Last night he went to her father's house, took off his boots a hundred yards away, crept to the window of his wife's room and did the shooting as described. Mrs. Hill is seriously hurt, but not yet dead.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Aug. 20.—The body of James Vandever was found in the river to day, with the throat cut and other injuries. Three young men—Snyder, Anderson and Campbell—were arrested, charged with the murder. Snyder and Anderson each tried to accuse the other for the murder. They saw the man had money, followed him along the river bank, clubbed him, cut his throat, then robbed him, and threw him in the river. They got $18. It is thought Campbell is innocent. Vandever lived on the Kentucky side, opposite Mt. Vernon.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Aug. 20.—At Estancia ranche, Saturday, Joel P. Whitney, of Boston, and his brother-in-law, A. Fernandez, attempted to serve a writ of ejectment on Manuel Otero. A fight ensued, and Otero and Fernandez were shot dead and Whitney mortally wounded, and has since died.

NEBRASKA CITY, Neb., Aug. 20.—Some time ago Ezra Douglass, employed in The Morning Press office, a printer, married a woman by the name of Anderson, since which time he has had more or less trouble with her, she having twice attempted suicide, once by shooting and again by hanging, and to-night the final chapter was brought to a close. At about 9:30 o'clock Douglass started to go to town from the family residence, when his wife objected and followed a few steps. He turned to go back, but, before he could prevent it, she drew a revolver of the "Bull-Dog" pattern and shot him through the neck, killing him instantly. She then walked about 10 feet toward the door and deliberately blew her own brains out. The two bodies lay about 20 feet apart on the sidewalk in front of their former residence, with a throng of several hundred people around them, when the Coroner arrived. Douglass' father and mother live in the same building, and are nearly crazed over the affair. Mrs. Douglass' parents reside a few miles south of the City. Both families are highly respected. The Coroner's jury will render a verdict in accordance with the above facts.

MINOR MENTION.

At Blue Springs, Tenn., a bolt of lightning killed 27 hogs and two cows, which were seeking shelter under a tree.

At Henrietto, Tex., John M Geurray, while placing a pistol under his pillow, accidentally shot his wife through the head, killing her instantly.

August Hastig, of Memphis, who wanted to get away from his wife, fled his feet together and jumped into the river. His body was recovered.

At Shelbyville, Ind., Robert Raglen, for whom a warrant was placed in the hands of Constable Roberts, in attempting to escape arrest, was fatally shot.

At Greenville, S. C., Ben Perry, alias Perry Coly, colored, was hanged for the murder of Perry Anderson, also colored. The execution was private.

In a collision on the Westchester branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad at Angora, James Welsh, fireman, was killed, and 25 calves and sheep scalded to death.

Fred Tate, of Galveston, was decoyed into the street at midnight by John Arto, a merchant of Houston, who married Tate's daughter, and shot dead on the sidewalk.

Arthur H. Blanke, late cashier of the American Loan and Trust Company, Boston, was sentenced to seven years in the State prison for embezzlement of $40,000.

Reuben Robertson, the last of the trio engaged in the Tulford tragedy in Miller County, Ga., was lynched. The woman under arrest was discharged for lack of evidence.

A party of men, supposed to be agrarians, have shot and severely wounded a farmer named Michael Conner, near Killarney. Two of the men concerned in the shooting were arrested.

The men who recently blew open a safe at Clayton, Ia., and secured $10,000 in notes and cash, have been captured. One was a Justice in the Township and another an insurance agent.

At Chattanooga, Ephraim Hicks, one of the leading farmers in the County, while crossing the river was drowned, a storm arising while he was in the swift current, and capsizing his boat.

At Council Bluffs, Iowa, an attempt at general jail delivery was made Thursday afternoon, and eight of the 19 prisoners got out through a hole cut in the floor. Four were soon recaptured.

At Stowe, Vt., Jesse Town and wife, with Mrs. Stockwell, while driving, were thrown from the carriage. Mrs. Town died of injuries received; Mr. Town is not expected to live, and Mrs. Stockwell's injuries are very serious.

Dr. Knoxan, a prominent physician of Idaho Springs, Col., committed suicide by taking morphine on Sunday last. Domestic trouble was the cause. Saturday he presented his daughter with $2,500 and his son with his gold watch.

John D. Washen, a farmer, of Holland Township, Shelby Co., Ill., hung himself on Sunday. He was security for a neighbor's debt. The fact that he would likely be called upon to pay it so preyed upon his mind as to unsettle his reason.

Wm. Barry and Charles Miller were arrested at Buffalo for the murder of the Swede Nelson Otin, whose body was found at West Valley recently.

Albert Ramsdell, a young farmer living near Elkhart, Ind., met with a terrible accident which will result fatally. He slid down a straw stack and alighted on a fork, which penetrated and tore through his body, making a horrible wound. He has a wife and two children.

Richard and William Haines, two young men residing in Williamsburg, took a boat to fish at Canarisle, L. I. William fell overboard and was drowned, and Richard was so overcome at his brother's death that he made an attempt to strangle himself with an anchor rope, but was prevented by a fisherman who made his appearance.

A negro named Postlethwaite stole a mule in Catafaula Parish, La., and was pursued by Sheriff Fairbanks and arrested at Bullet's bayou. While under arrest the negro shot the Sheriff off his horse. After falling Fairbanks drew his revolver and shot the negro dead. Fairbanks is not dangerously hurt.

Wednesday night the Texas Central train was boarded at Bryan by four ruffians, armed with revolvers. The evident intention was to rob the sleeper without attracting the attention of the rest of the train, but an altercation with the conductor aroused the passengers and the quartette precipitately fled.

At Abingdon, Va., Saturday, William Bridgeman, a drunken white man, made an assault on a negro, whom he shot several times, and when Edwin Hawkins, the negro's half-brother, remonstrated, Bridgeman turned and killed Hawkins. The murderer is in jail, and serious threats of lynching are made by negros.

Reports from Helena regarding the killing of Marshal E. M. Mooney, last Tuesday morning, are to the effect that it was probably a case of self-murder, as the officer who ran to him after the shooting saw no person near, and if the killing had been done by an assassin, he would have had a full half square to run before escaping from view of approaching persons.

James Nixon, of Ludlow, Ky., is working 70 men near Cumberland Falls, Tenn., making ties for the Cincinnati Southern Railroad, and on Sunday night Charles Slagel, one of the men, who slept in the same bunk with James and John Adair and a man named Claiborne, arose after their companions were asleep, crushed their skulls with an ax, rifled their pockets of about $2 and escaped. Nixon put the whole force in pursuit and Slagel was captured. It is thought he will be lynched.

The Conclave.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 20.—The grand procession of Knights Templar which took place this afternoon, was admitted to be an unqualified success. The entire population of San Francisco and 70,000 strangers have declared it so. There was cheering throughout the entire route of what is the best represented as the most numerous concourse ever held in this or any other country. To the people of this City it is eminently gratifying. They have spared no pains or expense to return the compliment extended the representatives of this coast to the Chicago conclave. As early as 8 o'clock this morning crowds began gathering in the streets along which the procession would pass, and by 9 o'clock Market street was rendered impassable, except the roadway, which, by police orders, had been kept clear for passage of the knights. At 9:30 the commanderies began to arrive, taking up the position assigned them in the streets, off Market, reserved for the purpose. At 10 all had arrived, and at that hour the scene presented from the gallery of the Baldwin Hotel was one not readily to be forgotten by the Franciscoans who had the good fortune to witness it. On one side a mass of decorations extending as far as the triumphal arch, on the other side 4,000 richly clad knights, representing every State and Territory of the United States. To the old California pioneer it was something beyond realization. His mind reverted to the sandhills, and he was dazed. At 10:30 the order was given by the Captain General to move forward. A platoon of mounted police spurred their horses onward to clear the way, followed by a detachment of police on foot. The first Commandery that led off was California Commandery No. 1, siver embroidered velvet cloaks and plumed hats, with richly caparisoned black horses, attracting marked attention. Following them came the Golden Gate and Oakland Commanderies, Grand Master Gov. Sir George Perkins riding a milk-white charger specially presented to him for the occasion by Judge Denison, of Sacramento. Following, accompanied by his staff, next in order came the various Commanderies of California, Oregon, Washington Territory, Nevada and Arizona, each preceded by their respective bands. These completed the three first divisions, after which up to the 16th division came Commanderies of States east of the Rocky Mountains. Among the latter, particularly remarked from smallness of members and their pluck in coming, were Arkansas, Demolias, of Fort Smith, Washington, No. One, of Hartford; Damascus Number Two, of Jacksonville, Ill., and Fern Number Eight, of Middleton, Conn., who in the person of Knight Brainard Leroy represented his commandery. The approach of Lyon & Healy's band, of Chicago, with their striking uniforms, made every one ask, "Who are these Knights coming?" They were St. Berdards, of Chicago, who, by the Knights of this coast, are held in especial esteem, and as they passed by the knowledge of what they were and the appearance they presented, excited long and hearty cheers. The 16th and last division was composed of the Grand Encampment of the United States, led by Sir William Knox, Past Grand Commander of California. The Royal Hawaiian Band, selected by the Grand Commander of this State as the official orchestra of the conclave, immediately preceded the Boston Commandery, which acted as an especial escort to Grand Commander of the United States Dean. The Bostonians were highly complimented on their excellent appearance, and cheer after cheer was given them as they passed by, marching in close order and marked precision. Following them, on white chargers, came the present figure of the conclave, Grand Master Dean, accompanied by a numerous and brilliant staff. The procession terminated with Corinthian Clinton Commandery, of Virginia City, Neb., mounted on black steeds, and acting as the grand guard of honor to the Grand Encampment. It is not invidious to say the Virginians merited the compliment. In dress, horses, and accoutrements generally, it was acknowledged that they bore off the honors of the day. The Knights first proceeded to the pavilion, where addresses were delivered by Gov. Stoneman, of California, ex-Gov. Perkins, the Mayor of the City, and others. Then they marched to Vanness avenue, where they were reviewed by the Grand Master, after which the march through the City began. It occupied an hour in passing a given point, and as near as can be determined 3,780 Knights took part, representing 306 commanderies from 46 States and Territories. In a word, every State and Territory in the United States was represented.

Jack Cole.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 20.—Poor Jack Cole, who was engineer of the ill-fated Arctic steamer Jeannette, and who is now confined in the Government Insane Asylum, made a savage assault upon a fellow inmate yesterday. At times, his malady, which was caused by exposure amid the fields of Polar ice and unknown stretches of snow, assumes a violent form, and it was therefore found necessary to place him in one of the wards where patients of that class were kept under the constant surveillance of four attendants. Jack was standing at the iron bars which inclose the ward, yesterday, peering through, when a lady accompanied by a pretty little girl, came up to the bars to see the unfortunates, who were pacing back and forth, muttering incoherent sentences and making strange motions with their hands. At the sight of the little girl with golden tresses and sparkling blue eyes, Jack's face lighted up. Then hanging his head for a moment, memory seemed to carry the poor fellow to his own bonnie daughter, or to his old home, and his head bent sorrowfully to his breast. The next instant he was standing erect, gazing at the child, while a big tear-drop ran down his weather-beaten cheek and mingled with a good-natured smile. Then as if by some magic power his clear tenor voice broke forth into a weird sea song, beginning—"We are bounding away o'er the rolling main, And my bonnie sweet lass is behind."

As he was beginning the second verse, the little girl gazing into his face with a look of mute pleasure, one of the inmates of the ward, a tall, low-browed man, who is considered a dangerous subject, crept up behind Jack and said to him: "If I only had a knife and a rope I would fix that baby," pointing to the little girl. The smile on Jack's face fled instantly, and a look of hate took its place. Wheeling about he dealt the maniac a terrible blow with his fist, knocking him several yards, although he was nearly twice as large as Jack. Then before he could recover, Jack unbuckled his army waist belt, and, springing upon the half-fallen man, dealt him a rapid series of blows with the heavy lead buckle attached to it, making several gashes on his head, from which the blood flowed freely. The attendants, who were preparing dinner at the time, rushed up at this juncture and led the men away.

By the destruction by fire, Saturday evening of Keat on & Sons' extensive sawmill at Moline, Ill., $350,000 property was consumed; insurance, $90,000.

Cashier Fitch.

YOUNGSTOWN, Aug. 20.—The defalcation of Kirt M Fitch, cashier of the Second National Bank of Warren, is still the sensation of the hour, and the excitement is unabated, as the progress of the examination shows the cashier must have got away with nearly, if not fully $100,000. It was thought at first that it had all been lost in stock speculation, but many now take a different view of the matter. A representative business man said to a Leader correspondent this evening, "It is sheer nonsense to talk of Fitch or any other cashier losing that amount in Wall street, as he would stop before that point was reached. It is more reasonable to suppose that he invested $35,000 or $40,000 of the funds of the bank and lost it. Then having no way of replacing it he concluded to heel himself and lined his pockets before the defalcation was discovered with the balance of the funds. Like others he appreciated the value of money, and knew that without it he could not hope to get away." Bank Examiner Ellis said to-day:

"Thus far I have found that there is a mortgage of $85,000, and it is fair to presume that Fitch is a defaulter to that amount at least. I expect by Wednesday to know the exact condition of the bank, and then will be able to make a statement of how much money has been taken. One note I found for $10,000, signed by a party in Youngstown, and placed among the cash assets, which is fraudulent, and the fraud was evidently practiced by Fitch, as the party named does not owe the bank so a dollar. The $20,000 deposited by A. R. Silliman with the cashier to purchase bonds in New York, was appropriated by Fitch, that being included in the shortage of $85,000. All the talk of Fitch being sick amounts to nothing. When I called at his residence I was informed that he was too ill to see any one, but as I insisted on seeing him, was admitted to his room, and found him lying in bed. In a moment after I entered the room he was walking around as well as any one. There is no doubt but that he accepted the advice of some one and left for Canada Friday evening, and is now safe within the dominion of the Queen. The case is but a breach of trust, as he was an official of the bank, and there is no law by which he can be extradited."

Ship Canal.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Florida Ship Canal and Transit Company adjourned today, after a session of four days. Among those present were Hon. Jno. C. Brown, President; Hon. Geo. C. Gorham, Secretary; Gov. Cameron, Sen. Mahone, Gen. Grover and A. W. Jones, Virginia; Townsend Cox, Michael Jacobs and S. T. Meyer, New York, and Sen. Mann and Chas. D. Jones, Florida. The meeting was called for action upon the report of Chief Engineer Stone as to the practicability and cost of the canal. The report was entirely satisfactory, containing detailed estimates, and was adopted after a careful examination of the map and statistics. Gen. Stone computes, on the basis of the surveys, that a tide-water ship canal of sufficient depth and width to allow the passage of two sea-going steamers of the first class without inconvenience can be constructed at a total cost of $46,000,000. The total length of the canal is to be 137½ miles, and the highest elevation in crossing the watershed 145 feet, but the deep cut would be only for a short distance. A large amount of excavation can be made by steam dredges. The engineering difficulties are decidedly less than expected.

Monday's Fires.

FRANKLIN, Pa., Aug. 20.—A fire broke out in the still department of the Eclipse lubricating refinery last night, which destroyed a large part of the works. Nine tanks, a number of stills and a large amount of valuable machinery was lost. The larger part of the works was saved. No estimate can be safely put on the amount of damage. The Eclipse was the largest lubricating refinery in the world, and the part destroyed will be immediately restored, 400 men being now at work on the ruins. It belongs to the Standard Oil Company.

OIL CITY, Pa., Aug. 20.—A Derrick special from Garfield, Warren County, says that lightning struck the Kenardy Oil Company's 1,000 barrel tank at 4 o'clock. Seven hundred barrels of oil were destroyed.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Aug. 20.—The sash, door and blind factory of Williamson, Lindley & Co., burned this evening. Loss, $35,000; insurance, $22,000.

TRENTON, N. J., Aug. 20.—A dispatch from Lambertville says McDowell & Son's large paper mill at that place was almost entirely destroyed by fire yesterday morning. The loss will probably exceed $50,000; insurance about $10,000. About 40 men are thrown out of employment.

Frank James.

GALLATIN, Mo., Aug. 20.—The trial of Frank James began in the Criminal Court to day. Nothing of importance was done, and the real work will be done when the jury is empanelled. A large delegation of witnesses arrived this evening from Ray County, including several County officials. They say they are informed as to what evidence is expected from them. Charley Ford and his father are here among the State's witnesses. There are many strangers in town, and a large force of special police has been sworn in to preserve order. The interest at present is great, as it is the first time the case has been on this docket. They are held for the Winston train robbery of 1881, in which Anjuiette Westfall was killed, and the Gallatin bank robbery and murder of Cashier Shields in 1868.

Oil Monopoly.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—Pres. Sumner, of the Tide-water Pipe Company, denies the Philadelphia report that his Company sold out to the Standard Oil Company. Notwithstanding his denial it is thought by parties here, who are in a position to know, that there is some truth in the story.

That Black Flag Story.

NEWARK, N. J., Aug. 20.—Dr. Holden telegraphs from Beach Haven, N. J. that the story about the vessel carrying the black flag having sunk with all on board is without foundation. The account is a creation of the fancy of his coachman.

TELEGRAPH AND MAIL.

An earthquake is reported from Kahola, Hawaii; no damage.

The River Nile is falling. There are no longer fears of a flood.

The Georgia House voted $1,000,000 for a new capitol building.

Count De Chambord remains very weak. His brain is disturbed at intervals.

Thirty-two persons died from cholera in Alexandria Saturday, one a British soldier.

Heavy losses of cattle for want of water are reported in southern and southeastern Texas.

The Prince of Wales contributed £100 towards the relief of sufferers by the Ischia earthquake.

Wm. Wirtz Sikes, United States Consul at Cardiff, and husband of Olive Logan, died Saturday.

Non-union men working on new buildings in New York are joining their respective trade societies. Strikes are thus obviated.

At a meeting of anarchists, at Lille, France, over which Henri Rochefort presided, cheers were given for the Republic of Spain.

Capt. J. D. Rhoades, who talked of swimming the whirlpool in the rapids of Niagara Falls, looked at the waters and abandoned the job.

The Republicans of France now have a majority in 79 of the 90 Districts for General Councils. They carried even Corsica and Morbihan.

So far behind is the work of the Public Printing Office that 40 car-loads of documents were last week sent out to members of Congress.

Hugh Boyd, of Cornell, has been elected President of Ohio University at Athens, and Wm. Hoover, of Dayton, Professor of Mathematics.

Dr. E. R. Hawn, Secretary of the State Board of Health and ex-Secretary of State, of Indiana, died at Indianapolis of apoplexy, aged 56 years.

An organized band of barn burners is believed to be operating in Southern Indiana. The farmers are much excited. Barns are burned almost every night.

A colored woman named Jane Lemon, who just died in Akron at the ripe age of 100, was probably the last survivor of the slaves of the Northern States.

At Trenton, Mrs. Chas. A. Knoblach pitched her husband into the canal and then leaped in herself. The woman was drowned, but the husband was rescued.

The telegraph operators' strike has collapsed at Toronto, the men seeking reinstatements. The Knights of Labor are charged with the responsibility for the defeat there, as in the States.

A cable letter from London says the Shapira manuscript of Deuteronomy, which has caused such lively controversy in literary circles, is pronounced by Dr. Neubeues and Prof. Sayce a forgery, without any claim to antiquity.

Drake Carter easily defeated Lorillard's Pizarro for the Omnibus Stakes at Monmouth Park. As soon as the race was concluded Lorillard bought the Western horse for $17,000. Green Morris made $30,000 out of Carter within four days.

Sen. Voorhees is credited with saying in Indianapolis that Hoadly is going to be defeated, and ought to be.

The Royal Insurance Company, of England, will build a nine-story building in Chicago, at a cost of $500,000.

A large reduction being necessary in the clerical force of the census office, it was decided by lot who should go.

William M. Baker, the author of many notable books, including "The Inside, n Chronicle of Secession," and "His Majesty, Myself," is dead.

Thomas G. Hunt, the missing New York merchant, was found in Elizabethtown, in that State. He is unable to tell where he has been sojourning.

N. W. Fitzgerald, who collided with a newspaper man in Washington, Monday, and got kicked, pleaded guilty in Police Court and paid a fine.

There have been anti-Jewish outbreaks at Paulograde and Restow. The disorders were promptly suppressed at both places and the instigators arrested.

A dispatch from Serajevo, the Capital of Bosnia, announces that a shock of earthquake has been felt there. It lasted five seconds, and moved from West to East.

R. B. Hoag, ex-Mayor of Lockport, New York, the backer of the liquor house of Steele, Torrance & Co., has made an assignment, with liabilities of $60,000.

Ground is to be broken for the new exposition building in St. Louis, Mo., next Monday, and it is to be completed in August, 1884. The cost is not to exceed $45,000.

Many farmers in Champaign County, Ill., planted corn obtained from Southern Kansas, and now report that the stalks are 15 feet high, but there is no prospect of ears.

John Devoy, editor of the Irish Nation, sentenced to 60 days' imprisonment in the penitentiary for libelling August Belmont, has completed his term and been released from prison.

Gen. Iglesies has issued an order at Lima to the effect that all Peruvians between the ages of 21 and 60, and all foreigners over one year old, must pay a poll tax of one silver sol.

Frank Foster has sued the old Democratic State Executive Committee for $300 for torches and Chinese lanterns used at Columbus jollification after the October election last Fall.

A movement has been started among American shipowners and agents to induce the Government to demand redress for unjust seizures of their property by customs officials in Cuba.

Parnell has declared in the Commons that unless the deficiencies in the Land Act are specially remedied, he will lead a deeper and more desperate agitation than any yet witnessed.

At a banquet in Paris, where 1,200 persons were present, on Wednesday night, speeches were made in favor of Prince Victor, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, as chief of the Bonapartists.

Notice is given that hereafter, on each Wednesday, the bonds embraced in the 121st call will be redeemed at the Treasury Department to the extent of $500,000 each day, with rebate of interest.

The funeral of Mrs. Sen. Allison took place yesterday at Dubuque. The attendance was very large, and the floral tributes were in high taste. The services were conducted by Rev. C. H. Seymour.

The proceedings in the court-martial case of Col. Iges have been referred by the Judge Advocate-General to Adjutant-General Drum. The Court found him guilty and recommended his dismissal.

An assignment has been filed by Capt. Vincent Shinkle, of Covington, Ky., whose liabilities are $80,000. He has the costliest residence in town, and embarrassed himself in aiding his son and his brother.

Suit has been broughtat Cleveland, O., against James McCrea, a leading packer of that City, by Higgins and Gilbert, of the Chicago Board of Trade, to recover $81,644.31 due on pork and lard purchases.

Major Kirby, of the railway mail division of the Postoffice Department, was removed by Postmatter-General Gresham, on suspicion that he made excessive allowances to the publisher of the Postal Guide.

A dispatch from White Sulphur Springs announces the death of Pierre Bernard, husband of the late Caroline Richings Bernard, vocalist. His remains will be taken to Richmond for interment beside his wife.

Capt. Rhodes has once more concluded to swim the whirlpool rapids at Niagara. If he comes out alive he will erect a monument to Capt. Webb costing $5,000, and present an equal amount to Capt. Webb's widow.

B. O. Clark and G. B. Chase, of the Utica Driving Association, have made arrangements for a special trot between the stallions "Duquesne" and "Director" for a purse of $2,000, to take place August 21, at the Attica park.

The City National Bank of Lawrenceburg, Ind., will not resume business. Members of the Fitch family, who controlled the institution, have transferred their real estate to the bank, and the Federal examiner has overhauled the assets.

A party of depositors in Loud